CT AND STORY READERS

BOOK TWO

ZALLO · FREELAND ·
McLAUGHLIN · SKINNER ·

SALT LAKE COUNTY
DISCARDED
LIBRARY

SALT LAKE COUNTY
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
MIDVALE, UTAH

947258

FACT AND STORY READERS

BOOK TWO

BY

HENRY SUZZALLO
President, Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching
Formerly Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University
Formerly President of the University of Washington

GEORGE E. FREELAND
Director, Education and Teacher Training
State Teachers College, San Jose, California

KATHERINE L. McLAUGHLIN
Associate Professor of Primary Education
University of California at Los Angeles

ADA M. SKINNER
Specialist in Children's Literature

Illustrated by Rhoda Chase and Others

X.X
S968

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO
BOSTON ATLANTA

SALT LAKE COUNTY
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
MIDVALE, UTAH

Copyright, 1930, by
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

Copyright, Philippine Islands, 1934, by
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

All rights reserved

Fact and Story Readers — Book Two

E. P. 14

Grateful acknowledgment is made to various authors and publishers for material used in this book: to Miss Martha T. Bennett for some lines from "Hats Off!" by Henry Holcomb Bennett; to the late Abbie Farwell Brown for "The Hungry Bank," written especially for this book; to Mrs. Georgia M. Clifford for permission to adapt "What Happened to Polly" from an oral version used by Mrs. Clifford in her story telling work; to Dodd, Mead and Company for "An Agreeable Little Pig" from *Tuck-Me-In Stories* by Enos Comstock, and for "The Monkeys and the Doll Hats," an adaptation of a story in *The Story of the Mince Pie* by Josephine Scribner Gates; to Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., for "Why Pigs Have Curly Tails" from *The Rainbow Cat* and "The Postman" from *The Fairy Green* by Rose Fyleman, and for "The White Goat" from *The Poppy-Seed Cakes* by Margery Clark; to Henry Holt and Company for "Little Ann's Bath" from *A Child's Day* by Walter de la Mare; to Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company for "The Knight of Bread" from *A Story Garden for Little Children* by Maud Lindsay; to the Macmillan Company for "The Little Turtle" from *Collected Poems* by Vachel Lindsay; to Miss Katherine Martin of the School of Education, University of Chicago, for "The Color Game"; to Ruth Sawyer for her poem, "February"; to the Viking Press for "The Woodpecker" from *Under the Tree* by Elizabeth Madox Roberts; to American Book Company and Eleanor M. Skinner for "Bobby Squirrel Plays a Joke" from *Happy Tales for Story Time.*

Made in U. S. A.

CONTENTS

I. Out of Doors

PAGE

Tillie's Birthday Party 7
Choose the Right Words 16
Sharp Eyes 17
Read. Then Answer 22
Something to Guess 23
Gray Squirrel's Cupboard 25
Read. Then Answer 28
More Riddles 29
The Woodpecker *Elizabeth Madox Roberts* . . . 31
Read. Then Answer 32
The Red-Headed Woodpecker 33
Find the Right Words 36

II. Merry Tales

The Rabbit and the Turtle *Old Fable* 38
The Donkey and the Horse *Old Fable* 41
An Agreeable Little Pig *Enos Comstock* 42
The Monkeys and the Doll Hats
South American Folk Tale 48
Read. Then Answer 53

III. Keeping Clean

Good-Health Week
1. The Kitten's Bath 54
2. Baby Bear's Bath 56
3. Baby Robin's First Bath 58
4. More about Tillie 61
Choose the Right Word 65
Little Ann's Bath *Walter de la Mare* 66
Which Should I Do? 68
Good-Health Rules 69

IV. Far Across the Sea

PAGE
The Land of Windmills and Wooden Shoes . . . 70
Find. Then Read 73
The Runaway Geese 74
Read. Then Answer 83
Christmas in Holland 84
The Little Blue Dishes *Old Folk Tale* 88
Read Silently. Then Play 97

V. Winter Fun

February *Ruth Sawyer* 98
A Queer Little Postman 99
The Postman *Rose Fyleman* 104
Eskimos at Home 105
Yes—No 111

VI. Poems

Rain *Robert Louis Stevenson* 112
Singing *Robert Louis Stevenson* 113
The Wind *Robert Louis Stevenson* 114
Read. Then Answer 116
Something to Make 117
The Wind at Work and Play 118

VII. Animal Friends

Spot and Puff 120
Jiggs and Laddie 127
Read. Then Answer 131
How to Take Care of Pets
1. The Dog 132
2. The Kitten 134
3. The Pony 135
4. The Turtle 137

VIII. Games to Play

Shadow Tag 138
The Color Game 139

IX. More Merry Tales

PAGE
Why Pigs Have Curly Tails *Rose Fyleman* . . . 141
Find. Then Read 151
The Two Jumpers *Old Fable* 152
The Hunter and the Rabbit *Old Fable* 155
Bobby Squirrel Plays a Joke *Eleanor L. Skinner* 157

X. Work and Play

The Roll of Bread *Maud Lindsay* 166
Read. Then Answer 173
Our Helpers 174
What Happened to Polly 175
Find the Right Words 186
At the Market 187
What Vegetable Am I? 190
The White Goat *Margery Clark* 191
Billy's Garden Surprise *Josephine Scribner Gates* 203
Read. Then Answer 211
Yes—No 212

XI. Little Citizens

The Jack Horner Pie *Josephine Scribner Gates* . 213
Choose the Right Answer 226
The Hungry Bank *Abbie Farwell Brown* 228
The Children's Parade 229
Read. Then Answer 235
Questions and Answers for Little Citizens 236
The Flag Goes By *Henry Holcomb Bennett* . . . 238

Tillie's Birthday Party

This story is about Tillie, a big, big elephant. One day she had a birthday party. This story tells what happened at her party.

1. Tillie at Home

Tillie lives at a zoo. The zoo is in a park near a large city.

Tillie can do many clever tricks. She can roll a ball, ring a bell, and beat a drum.

Sometimes she plays a joke on her keeper. She likes to lift off his cap and put it on her own head.

She learned to do these tricks when she was a circus elephant. That was a long time ago.

SALT LAKE COUNTY
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
MIDVALE, UTAH

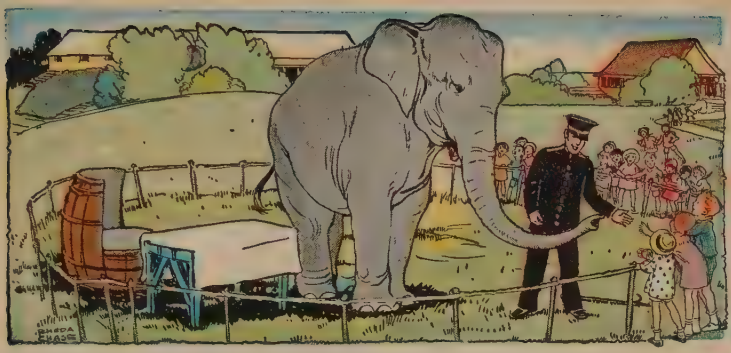
Tillie and the children are good friends. The children all like this kind old elephant.

Sometimes her keeper lets them give her peanuts. With her trunk she takes them out of the children's hands. Then she curls her trunk back and puts the peanuts into her mouth.

2. To the Boys and Girls

Tillie's birthday is in June. One June her keeper gave her a birthday party. This is the note her keeper put in the newspapers:

> Next Saturday will be Tillie's birthday. Her keeper invites all Tillie's little friends to her birthday party. It will be at the zoo on Saturday afternoon.

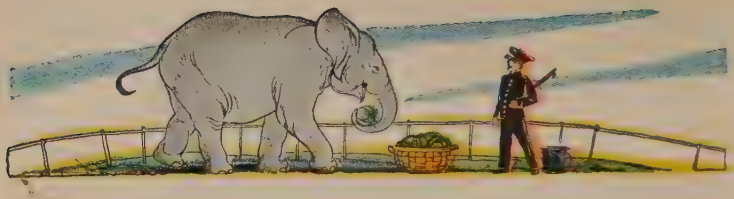


On that Saturday afternoon, many happy boys and girls went to the party.

They found Tillie and her keeper out on the grass. A rope fence made a big ring around them.

Near Tillie was a table and by the table was a chair. It was made out of a big, big barrel.

"Happy birthday, Tillie! Happy birthday!" called out the children when they saw her.

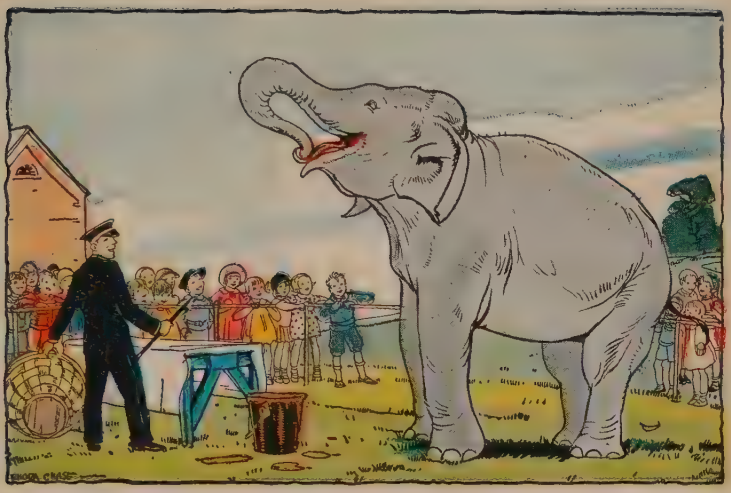


3. Tillie's Presents

Soon the keeper began to give Tillie her presents. You could never guess what the first one was. It was a basket full of cabbages, which a farmer had sent to Tillie.

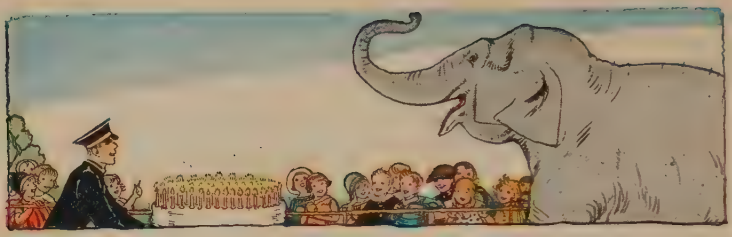
The keeper put the basket in front of Tillie. With her trunk she picked up a cabbage. Then she curled her trunk back and put the whole cabbage into her mouth.

After she had eaten the cabbage, she took another one and ate it. This she did again and again. Soon Tillie had eaten every cabbage in that basket.



Her next present was a bucket of brown molasses. A grocer had sent it to Tillie. Her ears flapped with joy, for she smelled something sweet.

Down into the bucket went the end of her trunk. Round and round she turned it in the molasses. As soon as her trunk was covered, Tillie curled it back and put it to her mouth. Then she licked the molasses from it.



"The birthday cake! the birthday cake!" shouted the children.

They watched the keeper put a cake upon the table. It was the largest cake they had ever seen. A baker had made it for Tillie. He had covered it with candles.

"How old is Tillie?" asked the boys and girls. "We can't count the candles."

"Tillie is one hundred years old," answered the keeper.

He took off the candles and Tillie began her feast of cake.

As soon as she had finished, the children called out, "We have some presents for Tillie. May we give them to her?"

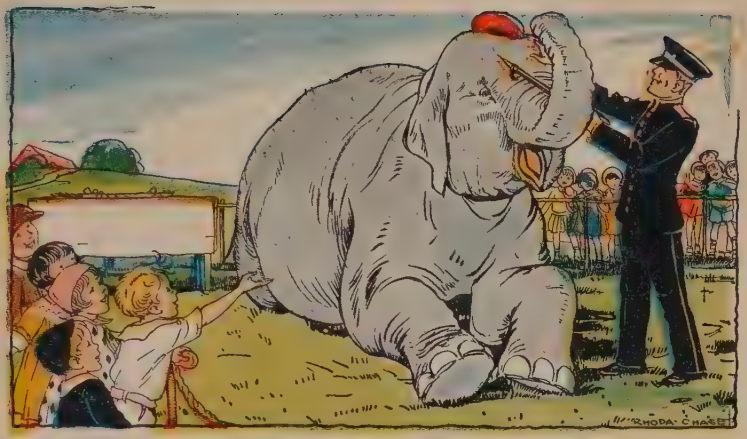
"Yes," nodded the keeper. "You may feed her to-day, because this is her birthday."

He started Tillie around the ring. The children gave her peanuts, apples, and cookies.

4. Tillie's Joke

Suddenly Tillie stopped and looked at something. Then she reached over the children's heads, took off a boy's red cap, and put it on her own head.

Before the keeper knew what had happened, Tillie started around the ring. The children laughed and shouted. Tillie seemed to like the fun as much as they did.



"Red is the color Tillie likes best," said the keeper. "Come, Tillie, get down on your knees."

Down went Tillie. The keeper took the cap from her head and tossed it back to the little boy.

It was now time for the children to go home. "Good-by, Tillie," they called out. "We'll come again soon."

Tillie nodded her head as if to say, "Come again, boys and girls."

Choose the Right Words

1. Tillie now lives in
   - a circus tent
   - a zoo in the park
   - a large city

2. The grocer sent Tillie
   - a birthday cake
   - a basket of cabbages
   - a bucket of molasses

3. Tillie played a joke on
   - a boy with a red cap
   - a girl with a red coat

4. Tillie took the cap from
   - a boy's hand
   - a girl's head
   - a boy's head

Sharp Eyes

One summer Father, Mother, Jane, and Ned camped by a brook.

They put their tent under a tree. They slept in the tent at night, but they spent the day along the brook and in the fields.

"Keep your eyes open, children," said Mother. "Sharp eyes can see something new here every day."

"We're going to the brook this morning, Mother," said Ned and Jane.

"Sharp eyes can see many things there," laughed Mother.

1. At the Brook

Ned and Jane walked along beside the brook. Soon they saw something on the bank.

"It looks like a box," said Jane.

"It looks like a shell," said Ned. "Let's take it home and show it to Father and Mother."

The children picked up the shell and ran back with it to the tent.

"We had sharp eyes this morning," they cried. "See what we found."

Father and Mother came out of the tent and looked and looked at what Ned held in his hand. Then Father laughed and said,

"There was a little turtle.[1]
He lived in a box.
He swam in a puddle.
He climbed on the rocks.

"He snapped at a mosquito.
He snapped at a flea.
He snapped at a minnow,
And he snapped at me.

"He caught the mosquito.
He caught the flea.
He caught the minnow,
But he didn't catch me!"

[1] From *Collected Poems*, by Vachel Lindsay. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

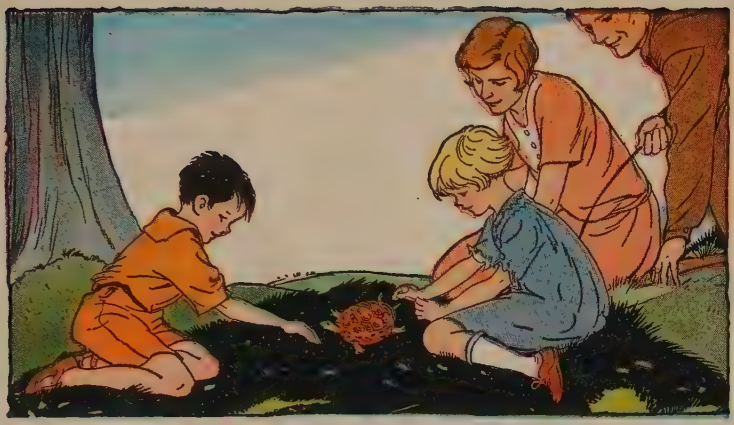
"That is a box turtle, children," said Father. "See the shell on his back. He has pulled his head, his feet, and his tail into his shell. Now he looks like a box. But he can put out his head, his feet, and his tail. He can snap, too. Look out!"

Ned said,

"He may snap at a mosquito.
He may snap at a flea.
He may snap at a minnow,
But he shan't snap at me."

Jane laughed,

"He may snap at a mosquito.
He may snap at a flea.
He may snap at a minnow,
But he shan't snap at me."



3. Back to the Brook

"Let him go back to the brook," said Mother.

The children put the turtle on the grass. Soon out of the shell came four little feet. Then came a little head. Last of all came a funny little tail.

Slowly the turtle started to crawl

e he goes!" cried Jane.

"How slow he is!" said Ned.

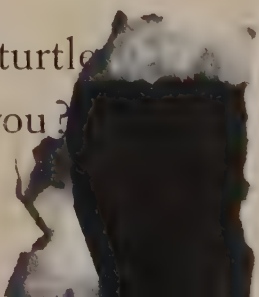
"Little by little and step by step," laughed Father, as he watched the turtle move along the ground.

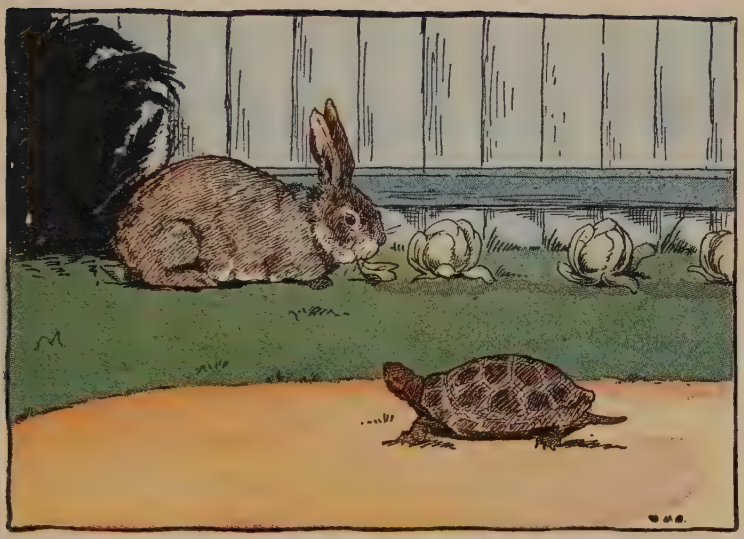
"Will he ever get to the brook?" asked Ned.

"Oh, he'll get there," said Father. "He'll get there *by keeping at it!*"

Read. Then Answer

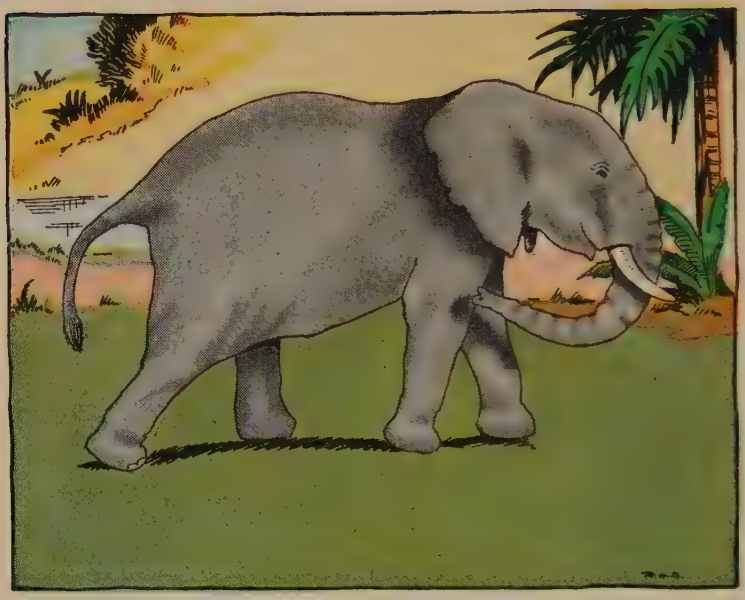
1. Where did Father, Mother, and the children camp?
2. What did the children find on the bank?
3. What did they do with the turtle?
4. What did Fa
   about the tu
5. How can you l a turtl
   he can not s at you?





Something to Guess

1. My house is a hard shell.
   I carry it on my back.
   When I am frightened, I go into
   my house.
   Then you can not see my head,
   my feet, or my tail.
   I crawl slowly about the fields.
   Am I a rabbit or a turtle?



2. I have four feet, two large ears,
and a long trunk.
I use my trunk as a hand.
Children laugh at my funny tail.
They say it looks like a rope.
They like to feed me peanuts,
apples, and cookies.

Am I an elephant or a lion?

Gray Squirrel's Cupboards

Gray Squirrel was happy. He frisked down the tree, shaking his tail.

Jack Frost had covered the ground near Gray Squirrel's home with nuts. There was a feast for him.

Gray Squirrel took a nut in his paws, and turned it round and round. Then he ate the nut.

He took another nut and turned it round and round. Then he ate it.

This he did again and again. He had a fine breakfast of nuts.

But Gray Squirrel did not spend the morning eating nuts. He was too wise to do that.

In a little while, he picked up a nut and put it into his mouth. Out puffed one of his cheeks. He looked as though he had the toothache. Off he frisked with the nut.

Soon he came back, picked up another nut, and put it into his mouth. Away he went with it as fast as he could go. Again and again he did the same thing.

Can you guess what Gray Squirrel was doing?

He was saving nuts for winter.

This is the way Gray Squirrel saves nuts. With his paws he digs a hole in the ground. Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! How he makes the dirt fly!

When the hole is deep enough, he pushes a nut into it. Then he covers the nut with dirt and presses the dirt down. In this way he saves many nuts.

Each hole is one of Gray Squirrel's cupboards. He never puts more than one nut into each cupboard that he makes in the ground.

He doesn't forget where his winter cupboards are. When the cold days come, and the ground is covered with snow, that wise little squirrel is sure of a good breakfast.

Read. Then Answer

Here are three sentences for you to read. Each tells you something that a squirrel does when he saves a nut for winter.

1. He covers the nut with dirt.
2. He digs a hole in the ground with his paws.
3. He pushes the nut into the hole.

Which sentence tells what he does first?

Which tells what he does next?

Which tells what he does last?

More Riddles

I

There was a little green house.
And in the little green house
There was a little brown house.
And in the little brown house
There was a little yellow house.
And in the little yellow house
There was a little white house.
And in the little white house
There was a little heart.

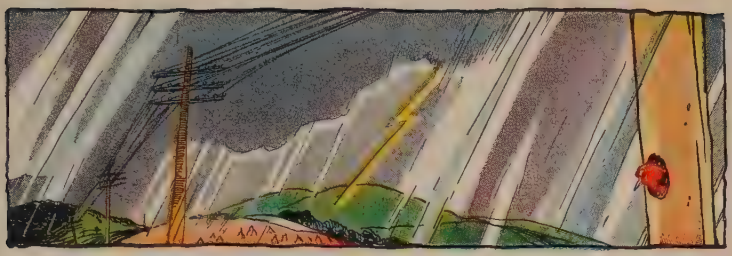
Do you know what I am? I am a walnut.

II

I have two long ears and a short bushy tail. My front legs are shorter than my hind legs. That is why I can hop so fast. My home is in the woods and fields. In summer I like to go to a garden and eat cabbage leaves. What am I?

III

My tail is long and bushy. It helps me frisk about the trees. I use it for a cover to keep me warm when I sleep. I like nuts for breakfast, nuts for dinner, and nuts for supper. What am I?



The Woodpecker

The woodpecker pecked out
A little round hole,
And made him a house
In the telephone pole.

One day when I watched,
He poked out his head,
And he had on a hood
And a collar of red.

When the streams of rain
Pour out of the sky,
And the sparkles of lightning
Go flashing by,

And the big, big wheels
Of thunder roll,
He can snuggle back
In the telephone pole.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

Read. Then Answer

Answer from the poem:

1. Where does this woodpecker make his house?
2. What color is his hood and his collar?
3. What can he do when it rains?

Think and answer:

1. Why is a telephone pole a good place for a woodpecker's home?
2. Why is the thunder like "big, big wheels?"

The Red-Headed Woodpecker

Do you hear something tapping on the telephone pole? Rrrr-rat-tat-tat! That is the red-headed woodpecker.

Rrrr-rat-tat-tat goes his bill again as he pecks away. He is making a house. His bill is his hammer and his saw.

Can you tell why this bird is called a woodpecker?

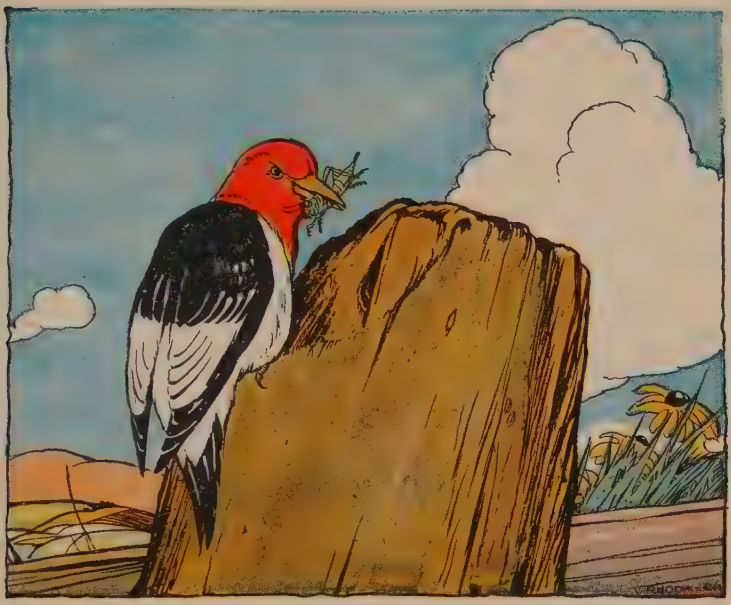
The red-headed woodpecker is one of our helpers. He feeds on bugs that harm our trees. He is fond of beetles, but he likes grasshoppers best. He feasts on them all summer long.

But the woodpecker is wise enough to save some grasshoppers for food in winter. He stores them away until the cold days come.

First, he looks for a place that will make a good cupboard. Sometimes he uses a large hole in a tree or a small hole in an old post.

As soon as he has found a good place for a cupboard, he flies away hunting for grasshoppers to put into it.

When he catches a grasshopper, he flies with it to his cupboard.



Carefully he puts the grasshopper into the hole and pushes it in so far that it can not get out.

He puts as many grasshoppers into his cupboard as it will hold.

In winter, when it is hard for him to get food, he goes to his cupboard. There he finds a feast waiting for him.

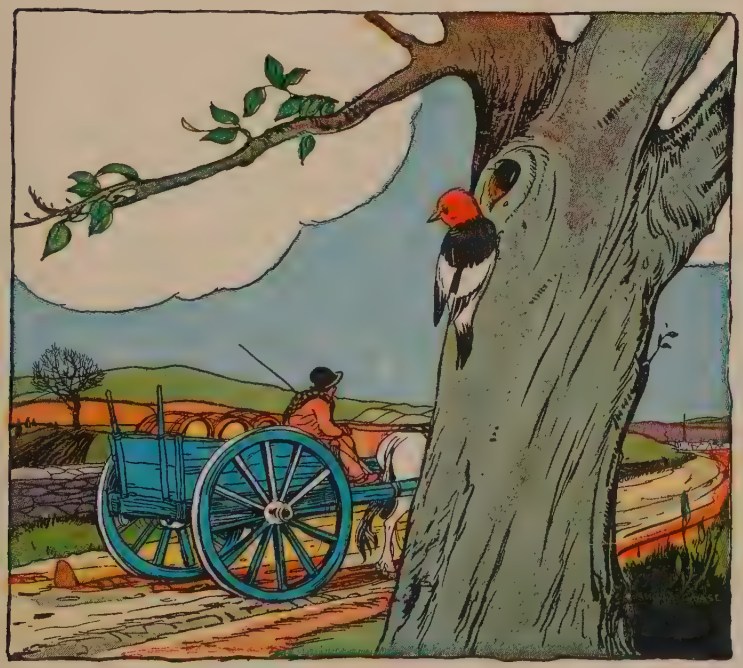
Find the Right Words

Here are eight groups of words and eight sentences. You are to choose the right words for each sentence. One group you will use twice.

grasshoppers and beetles
harm our trees
telephone pole
big, big wheels
hood and collar
hammer and saw
food for winter
snuggle back

1. The red-headed woodpecker makes his house in a ——.
2. His bill is his ——.
3. You can tell him by his —— of red.

4. He hears the thunder roll like ——.
5. Then he can —— in the ——.
6. For food he likes ——.
7. This wise bird saves ——.
8. He is our friend because he feeds on bugs that ——.



The Rabbit and the Turtle

Here is a story about a race between a turtle and a rabbit. Find out which won the race and why.

One day a turtle was on his way to the brook. A rabbit watched him as he went along.

"You are slow," said Bunny. "Can't you move as quickly as I do?"

Hop, hop, hop went the rabbit.

"I am slow," snapped the turtle, "but I keep going." In a little while he said, "Let us run a race."

"Run a race with you, Turtle?" laughed the rabbit. "Yes, yes, I will. We'll see who can reach the brook first." And he hopped away saying, "It is far, but I shall soon be there."

The turtle kept on his way.

It was a warm day. Soon the rabbit began to feel tired and sleepy. "That turtle is a slow fellow," he thought. "I have time to take a nap."

He stopped under a tree and fell asleep, but the turtle kept on his way.

By and by the sleepyhead woke up. "That was a fine nap," he said. "I wonder where that old turtle is by this time."

The turtle kept on his way.

Off went the rabbit again, hop, hop, hop. He soon reached the brook.

"Well, well!" called out Bunny.

Then up went his ears. His eyes grew bigger and bigger. For there at the brook was the turtle.

"Well, well, well!" said Bunny again. "How did you get to the brook before I did?"

"By keeping at it," laughed the turtle.

Read. Then Answer

1. What could the rabbit do better than the turtle?
2. Why didn't the rabbit win the race?

The Donkey and the Horse

A donkey once said, "I can run faster than any horse."

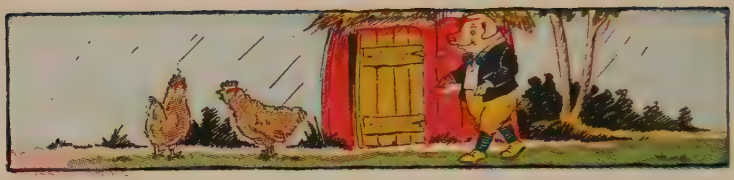
When he heard the donkey's boast, a horse called out, "Will you run a race with me? Then we shall see who can run the faster."

"I will," said the donkey. He was sure that he would win.

They ran a race and the donkey was beaten.

All the other animals laughed at the foolish donkey.

"Oh," said the donkey to them, "I know why the horse won. A long time ago I ran a thorn into my foot, and it still pains me."



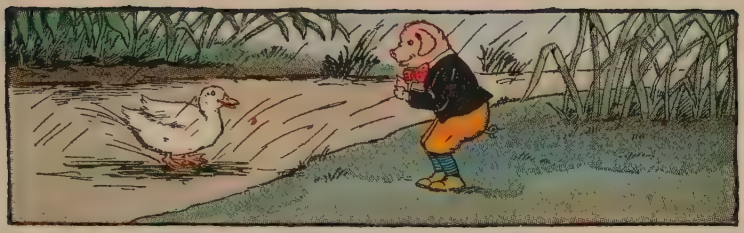
An Agreeable Little Pig

One rainy day a little pig started out for a walk.

Near the door of his house, he saw two old hens. Their heads and tails drooped low and they looked most unhappy.

"What an awful day this is," the little pig heard one hen say to the other.

"Well," he thought, "now I know what to say to those I meet this morning." He was a very good little pig and he had been taught to be polite to everyone.



A little farther along he met a duck. The duck was standing in the middle of a pool of water. Down came the rain, beating and spattering and pouring on her back.

"Good morning," said the little pig. "What an awful day this is!"

"Not at all," said the duck, as she flapped her wings and splashed the water under her. "I call this a delightful day."

"Well," said the little pig, "now I know what to say to the next one I meet."

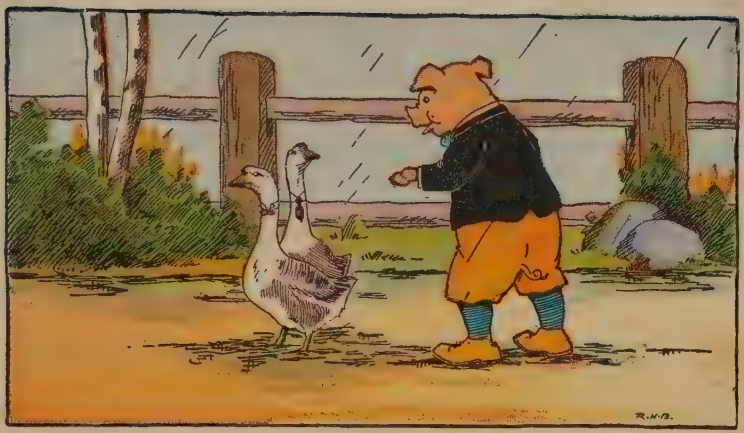
The little pig went on. Near the barn he met the old house cat. She was tiptoeing her way across the field. Every few steps she stopped to shake the mud and water off her paws.

"Good morning!" said the little pig. "What a delightful day this is!"

"Silly thing," said the cat. "Do you call this delightful? I think this is a terrible day."

"That's queer," thought the little pig. "Well, I know now what to say to the next one I meet." And the polite little pig went on.

Just then two old gray geese came waddling along. They were splashing the mud almost to their knees at every step.

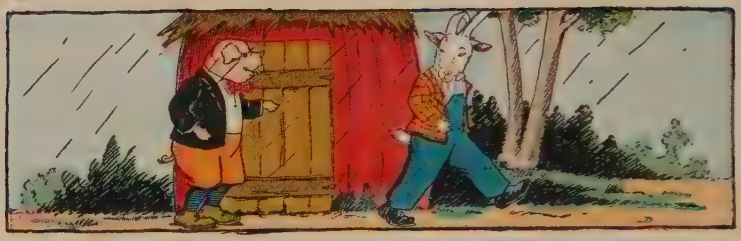


"Good morning," said the little pig. "What a terrible day this is!"

"Terrible?" said one of the geese. "If you think this is a terrible day, why don't you stay at home?"

The other goose said, "This is a delightful day. Any goose will tell you that." And the two old geese waddled away.

"Dear me," said the little pig to himself. "How very queer it all is."



At the door of his home, the little pig met an old billy goat. Billy's coat looked very wet and he did not seem happy.

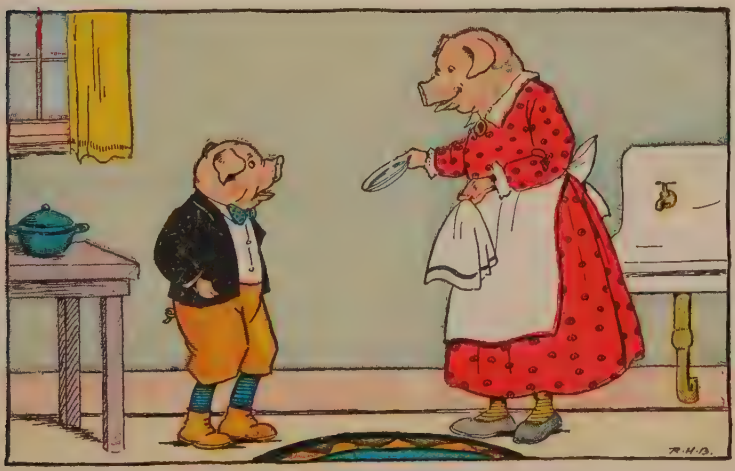
"Well," thought the little pig, "I know what to say to cheer him." So the little pig called out to the billy goat, "Good morning! Isn't this a most delightful day?"

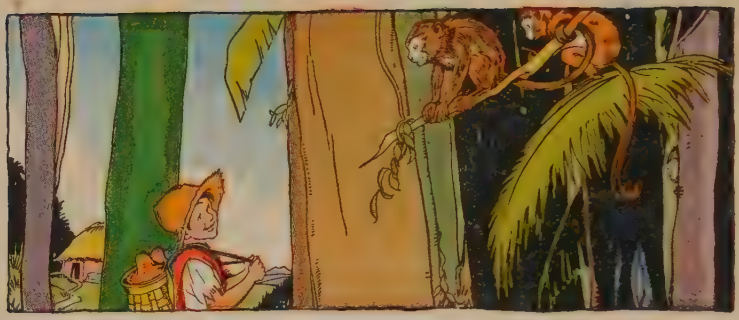
"Have you lost your senses?" asked Billy in an angry voice. "You had better run into the house to your mother. It is not safe for you to be out alone."

The little pig went into the house, feeling very much puzzled.

"Never mind, Little Pig," said his mother. "In trying to be agreeable, you have found out something. The duck and the goose like rain. The hen, the cat, and the billy goat like sunshine. You see we do not all like the same kind of weather, my dear."

ENOS COMSTOCK





The Monkeys and the Doll Hats

Enrico and his mother lived in a little cottage. It was near a great forest.

The boy's mother made doll clothes. Enrico would take these to town to sell them. Sometimes, with a basket full of his mother's work, he went through the forest to the town.

He liked to go that way because the trees were filled with chattering monkeys. They pleased Enrico with their funny ways.

One day Enrico's mother made some doll hats. Enrico filled his basket with them and started to the town. He was going to sell them. It was a long way through the forest and the day was warm.

"Time to eat my lunch," thought the lad. So he sat down under a tree.

His lunch was at the bottom of the basket under the hats. He lifted the hats out and laid them on the grass. Then he took out his lunch and ate it.

When he had finished, the tired little boy put his head against a tree. He was soon fast asleep. He did not know that many monkeys were sitting in the branches over his head, watching what he did.

While he was asleep, the monkeys came down the tree. They soon ate the crumbs which Enrico had left. Then they saw the little doll hats.

The next moment each monkey put a hat on his head. Then they all played monkey games. Up and down the tree they chased one another. Each monkey seemed to know that he was dressed up.

In a little while, Enrico opened his eyes. When he saw the monkeys, he knew what had happened.

"The doll hats, the doll hats!" he cried. "Give them back to me!"

But the monkeys only nodded their heads. They seemed to say, "Get them, if you can!"

RHODA CHASE

All at once, Enrico remembered something his father had told him about monkeys. They like to do what they see people do.

"Monkeys are little mimics," Enrico said to himself. "I'll make these monkeys mimic me."

He took off his hat and threw it on the grass. Down came a doll hat from the tree. Then another fell. Then down came all the other doll hats at Enrico's feet.

It did not take him long to get the hats and put them into his basket. Laughing to himself, he picked up the basket and hurried on his way to town to sell the hats.

South American Folk Tale

Read. Then Answer

Answer from the story:

1. Why did Enrico like to go through the forest?
2. What happened while Enrico took a nap under a tree?
3. How did Enrico get the doll hats again?

Think and answer:

1. Why are monkeys called little mimics?
2. Do you think the monkeys got another chance to take what was in Enrico's basket? Why?

Good-Health Week

It is Good-Health Week at school.

The children are reading stories about keeping clean. Here are the stories they are reading.

1. The Kitten's Bath

Mother Cat washes her kittens when they are little.

With her paw she holds the kitten tight. Then with her tongue she licks the kitten all over. She licks him and licks him until he is clean.

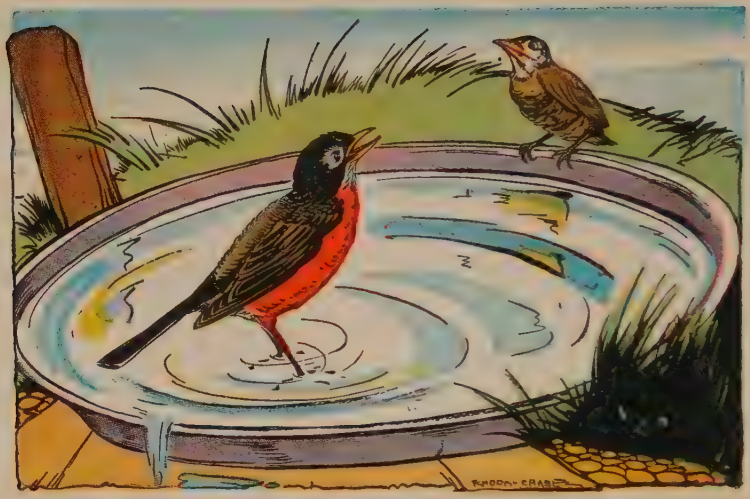
When the kitten is old enough, Mother teaches him to wash himself. Then the trouble begins.

Baby Kitten does not like to wash behind his ears. Mother Cat watches him. If he does not wash behind his ears, Mother Cat does this for him. Often she licks so hard that he cries out, "Meow, meow!"

Did you ever see a mother cat take hold of one of her kittens to carry it? That is the way Mother Bear takes hold of Baby Bear when she gives him his bath.

There are thick folds of skin on Baby Bear's neck. His mother takes these in her mouth. She does not hurt Baby Bear when she carries him in this way.

She dips the frightened little bear into a stream of cold water and holds him there. He howls and kicks, but he must stay there until he is clean. When his fur is washed free of all dirt, Mother Bear lets him run and play.



3. Baby Robin's First Bath

"Time for your bath, Baby Robin," said Mother Robin.

Baby Robin didn't want to take a bath. He was afraid.

Mother Robin flew to a pan of water that was near her home. She hopped into the pan and stood in the middle of it. Then she called Baby Robin to come.

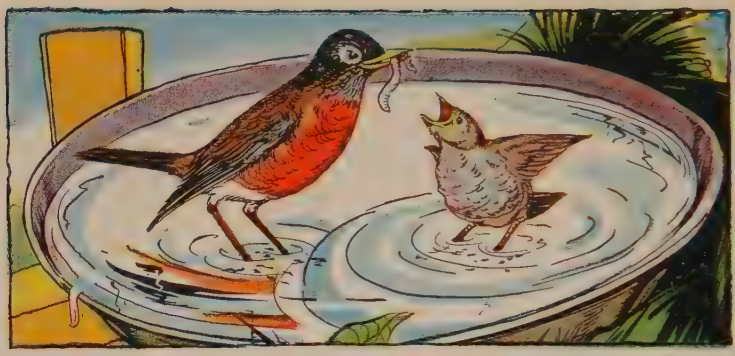
He hopped upon the side of the pan, and there he stayed. Mother Robin called and called to him to come.

"Baby Robin, I am ashamed of you," she said. "Your little brothers and sisters were not afraid of their first bath. Come."

But Baby Robin was too frightened to go. Then Mother Robin flew away and left him.

In a little while she came back with a worm in her bill. She hopped again into the middle of the pan, holding the worm for Baby Robin to see. How he wanted that worm!

But Mother Robin did not take the worm to him. She just waited.



Baby Robin opened his wings a little, and waved them up and down. Then he opened them a little farther and waved them up and down. All at once he found himself in the water by his mother.

She gave him the worm and he ate it. Soon Baby Robin was not afraid. He splashed and splashed about in the water.

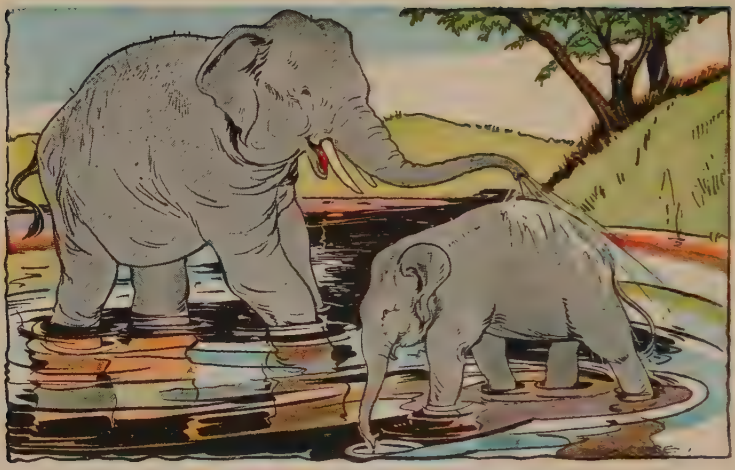
He liked his bath so well that Mother Robin had to call him away.

4. More about Tillie

When Tillie was a baby elephant, she lived with Mother Elephant in the forest. Mother Elephant taught Tillie to swim. Tillie also learned to eat grass and roots, branches and fruit.

Tillie always went with Mother Elephant to the water hole to get a drink. It was not safe for Tillie to go there alone.

This is the way Mother Elephant kept her baby very clean. Baby Elephant played until it was time for her bath. Then Mother Elephant went to the river. As soon as she was in the water she made a sound which meant "Come."



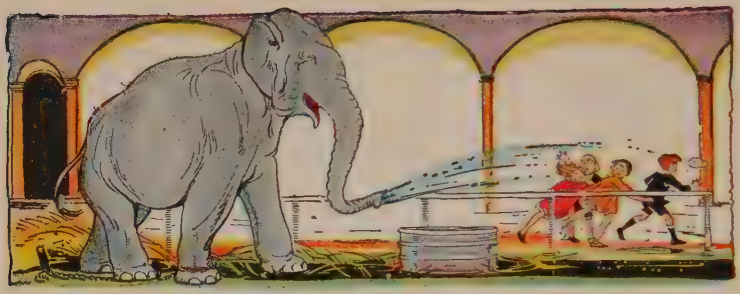
Sometimes Tillie did not like to stop playing. She wanted to keep on with her fun. But she knew that she must go when Mother Elephant called. And she always obeyed.

Mother Elephant filled her trunk with water, curled the trunk over Tillie's back, and squirted the water all over her. In this way she washed the dirt from Tillie's body.

Often Tillie did not like her bath. Sometimes she howled and howled. But Mother Elephant did not stop. She kept on squirting water over Tillie until she was clean. Then Tillie went on with her play.

When Tillie grew up, she was a strong elephant. With her trunk she could pull up a tree.

She could reach to the top of a tree and get the sweetest fruit. Also, she could pick up with her trunk things as small as a pin.



Tillie was brave, too. She was not afraid of the largest lion in the forest. But you will be surprised to hear that Tillie was afraid of a mouse! Do you know why?

In the story on page 14, you read about a joke Tillie played on a boy. Sometimes she plays a joke while she is taking her bath. She likes to fill her trunk with water and squirt the water over herself. Often she squirts the water upon anyone who is near. Tillie enjoys that joke best of all.

Choose the Right Word

1. When Tillie was a baby, she lived in a

   park forest city

2. There she ate

   cake bread molasses fruit

3. Mother Elephant taught Tillie to

   read swim sing

4. When Tillie became a big elephant, she lived in a

   barn house tent

5. Now Tillie lives in a

   circus field zoo

6. Sometimes the children give her

   peanuts milk bread

7. The children like Tillie because she is

   kind cross brave

Little Ann's Bath

Softly, drowsily,
Out of sleep,
Into the world again
Ann's eyes peep.

At last from her pillow,
With cheeks bright and red,
Up comes her round little
Tousled head.
Out she tumbles
From her warm bed.

And with might and main
She must rub, rub, rub,
Till she's warm and dry
From her morning tub.

Now twelve above
And twice six beneath,
She must polish and polish
Her small, sharp teeth.

Certainly, summer or winter, Ann
Always dresses as fast as she can.

WALTER DE LA MARE

1. To keep clean, I should
   brush my teeth
   not brush my teeth
   take a bath twice a week
   forget to take a bath
   wash my hands before eating
   forget to wash my hands

2. To get fresh air, I should
   close the windows
   open the windows

3. To get plenty of sleep, I should
   stay up late
   go to bed early

4. To get good food, I should
   drink milk every day
   eat more candy

Good-Health Rules

After choosing the right words on page 68, the children made these good-health rules:

Drink milk every day.
Get plenty of sleep.
Sleep with your windows open.
Brush your teeth every day.
Wash your hands before eating.
Take a bath at least twice a week.
Eat plenty of fruit and vegetables.

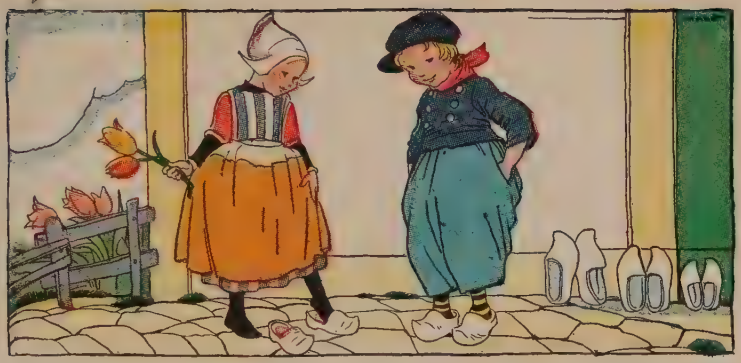
They brought good-health pictures to school and under each picture they placed one of these good-health rules. Then they put the pictures around the schoolroom.

The Land of Windmills and Wooden Shoes

Holland is the name of a country far over the sea. It is the home of the Dutch people. In this story you will read about some of the people who live there.

There are many windmills in Holland. When the wind blows, the long arms of the windmills go round and round.

Whir, whir! Work, work!



Sometimes the windmills work all day long for the Dutch people. The windmills pump water, grind corn, and help saw wood.

Dutch people are very clean. The mothers scrub their houses inside and outside. They scrub, scrub, scrub from morning until night.

Jan and Jet live in Holland. Jan is a little Dutch boy. Jet is a little Dutch girl. The picture shows how some of them dress.

You see that their shoes are not like the ones we wear. Theirs are made of wood. Klip, klop! Klip, klop! You can hear them on the sidewalks.

Dutch children often play their shoes are boats. They tie strings to their shoes and sail them on the water. With the strings, they pull the shoes back to the shore.

Jan and Jet take off their shoes before they go into the house. Every night they scrub their shoes clean. Then they are ready for the morning.

In a home where there are many children, we often see a row of clean wooden shoes set outside the door. This tells us that the children are at home.

Find. Then Read

1. Read the lines which tell what work the windmills do for the Dutch people.
2. Read the lines which tell of what Jan's and Jet's shoes are made.
3. Read the lines which tell how they sometimes sail their shoes on the water.
4. Read the lines which tell what they do with their shoes before they go into the house.
5. Read the lines which tell how they keep their shoes clean.
6. Read the lines which tell how we know when Dutch children are at home.

The Runaway Geese

Many people in Holland keep flocks of geese. Sometimes they let the geese go into the meadows to eat grass. But at night they drive the geese back into the goose yard.

Here is a story which tells about an old Dutch woman and her flock of runaway geese.

1. Mother Goose

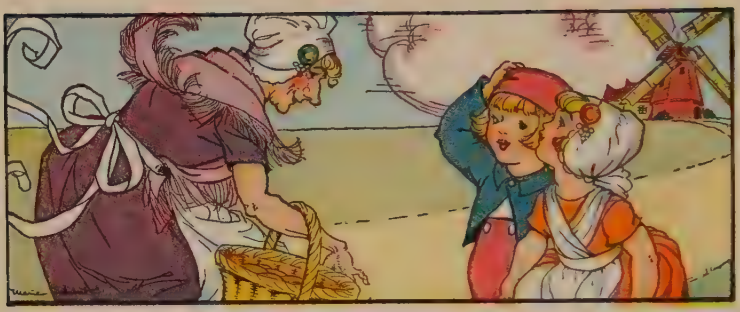
In a little Dutch village lived a poor woman with her geese. She had so many that some people called her Mother Goose. Others said that she was like the old woman in the shoe.

"She had so many geese,
She didn't know what to do."

Mother Goose loved her geese and took good care of them. Every day she fed them and gave them water to drink.

No other geese had such soft white feathers. In summer they had more feathers than they needed. That was the time when Mother Goose plucked her geese and sold their feathers.

Dutch people bought the feathers for their pillows and beds. In this way the old goose woman earned money to buy food and clothes.



2. The Geese Run Away

One day her geese ran away. She was busy making cookies for her little friends, Jan and Jet. While the cakes were cooling, she went into the yard to feed her geese.

Not one goose did she see. She called and called them. But not a goose answered her. The poor woman did not know what to do.

She ran to the house of Jan and Jet. The children were playing in the yard.

"Have you seen my geese?" asked Mother Goose. "They ran away this morning."

The children had not seen the geese.

"We will be glad to help you find them," they said. And away went Jan and Jet, for they liked old Mother Goose.

3. Keen Eyes

The children looked up and down the road. Then they ran to the pond, but not a goose did they see.

"Let's call them," said Jet. "Perhaps they will answer us."

The children stood still and called,

"Goosey, goosey, gander!
Goosey, goosey, gander!"

But not one goose answered.

Just then the wind began to blow. The children saw the great arms of the windmill go round, round, round.

In a moment Jet thought of a plan. "Let's climb the mill, Jan," she said. "From the top we can see all over the country."

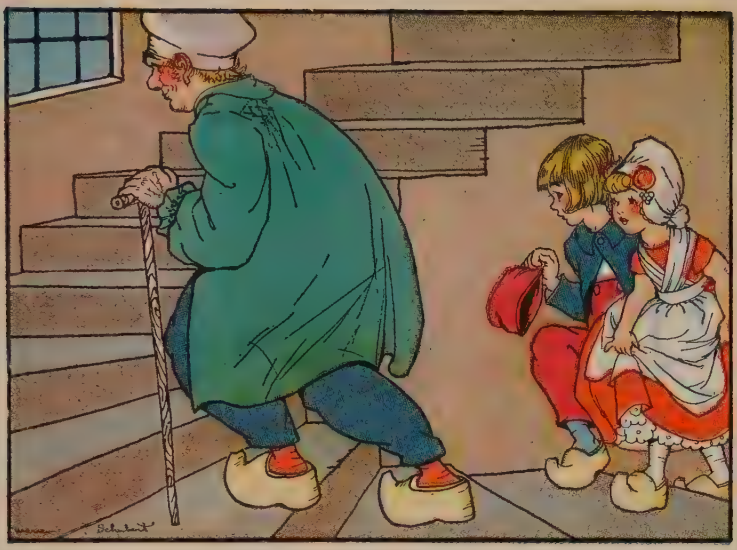
The two children were soon at the door of the mill.

"Good morning, Miller," said Jan and Jet.

"Good morning, Jan and Jet," said the miller.

"May we climb to the porch around your mill?" asked Jan.

"Mother Goose has lost her geese. They ran away. We want to find them for her," said Jet.



"Come with me," said the miller.

Klip, klop! Klip, klop! You could hear the wooden shoes as they clattered up the dark stairway.

Soon the miller, Jan, and Jet reached the porch.

"There they are! There they are!" shouted the children, clapping their hands.

Jan and Jet were right. They could see the runaway geese on a big pond where they had never gone before.

Klip, klop! Klip, klop! Down the stairway clattered the wooden shoes. Through the fields ran the children as fast as they could go.

4. A Clever Plan

They soon reached the big pond. What fun those geese were having on the water!

Jan had some corn in his pocket. He threw some of it to the geese. They swam to the shore at once.

Then Jan scattered some corn on the bank. As soon as the geese saw the corn, out of the pond they came.

"Let's drop some along the road," said Jan. "We'll make the geese follow us home."

Jan gave Jet a handful of corn. The children led the way, coaxing the geese with the corn.

Wasn't old Mother Goose glad to see her geese coming! She opened the gate and drove the runaways into the goose yard.

"How did they get away? How did they get away?" she kept asking herself.

She looked around the yard. Soon she found a loose board in her fence. With Jan and Jet's help, Mother Goose nailed the board in its place. Now the geese could not run away.

Then Mother Goose thought of the gingerbread cookies. She went into the house and brought out the pan of cakes. And Jan and Jet ate them — every one.

Read. Then Answer

Answer from the story:

1. Why did some people call the woman in this story "Mother Goose?"
2. What did the Dutch people do with the feathers of the geese?
3. Where did Jan and Jet go to look for the geese?
4. How did they make the geese follow them?
5. How did Mother Goose keep her geese from running away again?

Think and answer:

1. Why did not the geese need so many feathers in summer?
2. Why were Jan and Jet glad to help old Mother Goose?

Christmas in Holland

Dutch children have a merry time in winter. Then all the streams are frozen. How happy the boys and girls are as they skate over the ice.

But the merriest time of all the year is Christmas Eve. Read this story about Christmas Eve in the home of Dutch children.

Saint Nicholas is the Santa Claus of the Dutch children. He visits their houses on Christmas Eve.

The children lay a white sheet upon the floor. Then they dance around the sheet and wait for Saint Nicholas to come.

By and by they hear him coming on his white horse. In one hand he carries a bag full of toys for the good children. In the other hand he has a rod for the naughty ones.

When he comes, the children sing,

"Welcome, good Saint Nicholas,
welcome,
Bring no rod for us to-night;
While our voices bid you welcome,
Every heart with joy is light."

Saint Nicholas can not stay long, but he promises to come back the next morning. As he leaves, he scatters candy and cakes upon the sheet. The children scramble for the sweets to fill pockets and baskets.

After he has gone, all the children go into another room. They fill their wooden shoes with hay and carrots for St. Nicholas' good old horse.

They set their shoes by the fireplace where Saint Nicholas will see them. Then the children say, "Good night," and all go to bed.

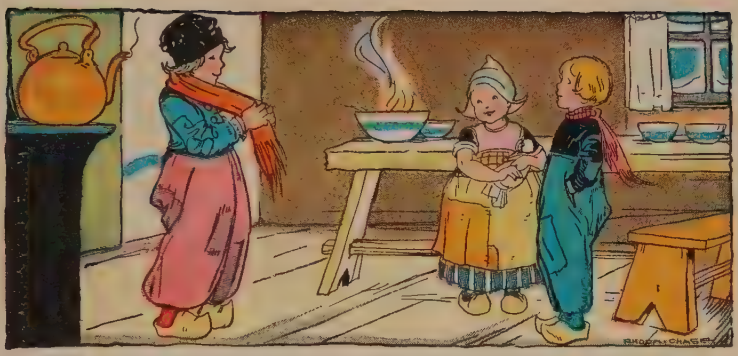
While the boys and girls are asleep, Saint Nicholas comes back. He takes the hay and carrots from the shoes. Then he fills the shoes again with presents and rides away.

In the morning the children find the hay and carrots gone. And in place of the hay and carrots are the gifts they have wanted for Christmas. Saint Nicholas has kept his promise.

The Little Blue Dishes

Everyone likes a Christmas story. Here is one about Christmas in the home of some Dutch children. There are two surprises in the story. Find out what these surprises are.

There was once a woodcutter who lived with his family in a log house in the woods. He worked hard, but he was very poor.



Hans was the oldest of the three children. Every day he went with his father to cut wood in the forest. Peterkin was too little to help. Their sister Katrina was just six years old.

Christmas was coming. The poor man and his wife felt sad indeed.

"This has been a hard winter for us," said the woodcutter one evening.

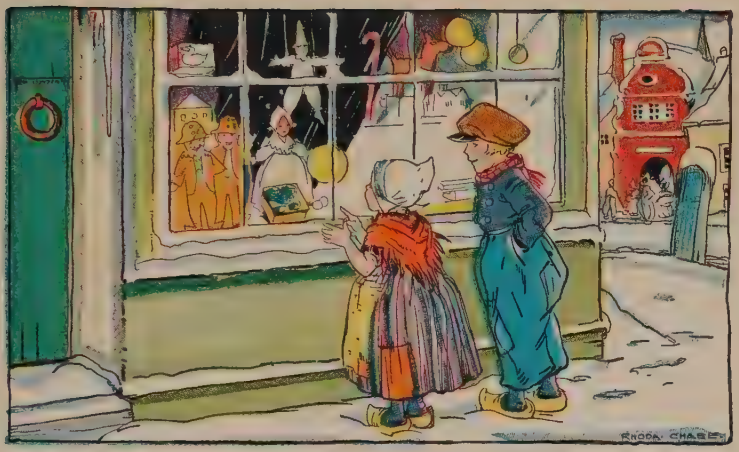
"It will be a sad Christmas for the children, I fear," added his wife. "Our money is needed for food."

The next morning Peterkin asked, "May we go to the village and look at the Christmas things in the shops, Mother?"

"May we go to the village and see the toys in the windows?" asked Katrina.

"Yes, yes, children," said their mother. "Father and I can do little for you this Christmas."

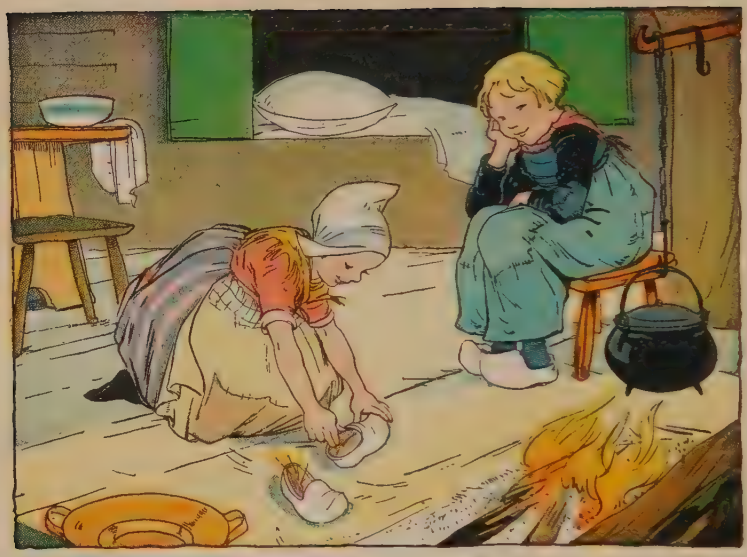
Off ran the children through the snow. They soon stood before a shop window filled with pretty toys.



"Which toy do you like best, Katrina?" asked Peterkin.

"That little box of dishes," said Katrina. "It is the prettiest of them all. Look, Peterkin, there are

Two cups,
Two saucers,
A sugar bowl blue,
A pitcher for cream,
And a teapot, too!"



Christmas Eve came. Katrina and Peterkin talked about the box of blue dishes. Then the little girl put her wooden shoes by the fireplace and went to bed.

As soon as she was asleep, Peterkin looked into his bank. There was one penny in it. He took the penny out and ran back to the village toy shop.

"I want that box of blue dishes, if you please," he said to the toy man. "How much is it?"

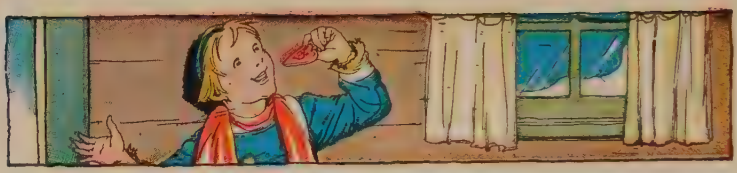
"Ten cents," answered the man.

Peterkin looked at his penny. Soon he asked, "What can I buy for a penny?"

"Here is something you can buy." The toy man held a red candy heart. It had pretty pictures on it.

Peterkin gave the man the penny and took the candy heart. He ran home and put it into Katrina's shoe. Then he went to bed.

Soon Hans came in from his work. He saw Katrina's shoe before the fire and peeked into it. There was the prettiest candy heart he had ever seen.



Hans was very hungry. Down went his hand into the shoe. He took out the candy heart and ate it.

The next moment he was sorry for what he had done. "That heart was for Katrina's Christmas," he thought. "What a pig I am! I'll buy her another present."

Hans went to his bank, opened it, and counted his pennies.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten."

Away he ran to the village as fast as he could go. It was getting dark, but he was not afraid.

"What can I buy for ten pennies?" he asked the toy man.

"I haven't much left, my lad," answered the man. "Let me look. Here is a box of blue dishes for ten cents. Will it do?"

"I will take it," said Hans.

With the box of dishes in his pocket, Hans hastened home. He slipped the box into Katrina's shoe and then he went to bed.

Christmas morning came. Just as the sun rose, Katrina and Peterkin went downstairs. Katrina ran to her shoes and looked inside.

"Oh, Peterkin," she called out. "Look! Here is that box of blue dishes. Oh, look! Look, Peterkin!"

Katrina opened the box. There were

Two cups,
Two saucers,
A sugar bowl blue,
A pitcher for cream,
And a teapot, too.

She was as happy as she could be.

But Peterkin looked and looked at the dishes. His eyes grew bigger and bigger. He wondered how that red candy heart had become a box of blue dishes!

Read Silently. Then Play

1. It is time to go to bed.

   Show that you are sleepy.

2. You are a little Dutch child.

   Find your shoe on Christmas morning.

   Show that you are surprised.

3. You are holding a turtle.

   He snaps at you.

   Drop the turtle.

   Shake your hand as if it hurt.

4. You are standing before the window of a toy shop.

   Name the toys you see there.

   Say which one you would like best to have.

February

Frosty mornings — snow again;
Pictures on my window-pane.

Sheets of ice across the lake
Powdered like a birthday cake.

Crusty snow on hill and road;
Bobsleds whizzing with their load.

Bells and laughter fill the air;
Snowballs flying everywhere.

Frosty mornings, frosty days,
Merry, merry winter plays.

RUTH SAWYER

A Queer Little Postman

"Whoo-oo-oo!" North Wind made the snowflakes dance and whirl. He piled them high on roofs and fences.

Indoors where Jean and Jack lived it was bright and cheerful.

"Hurrah for the snow!" shouted Jack. "Look at the path from our house to Betty and Bob's house. It is covered already."

"Betty said she would help us make candy to-day," said Jean. "Do you think she can come over, Mother?"

"The snow is deep," said Mother. "Betty can't come until a path is made. Perhaps someone will clear the snow in a little while."

"Where's Laddie, Mother?" asked Jack. "I haven't seen him this morning."

Just then the children heard scratch, scratch, scratch. There at the window they saw Laddie. He was standing on the porch with his front paws on the window sill.

Jack opened the door, and in bounded Laddie, covered with snow.

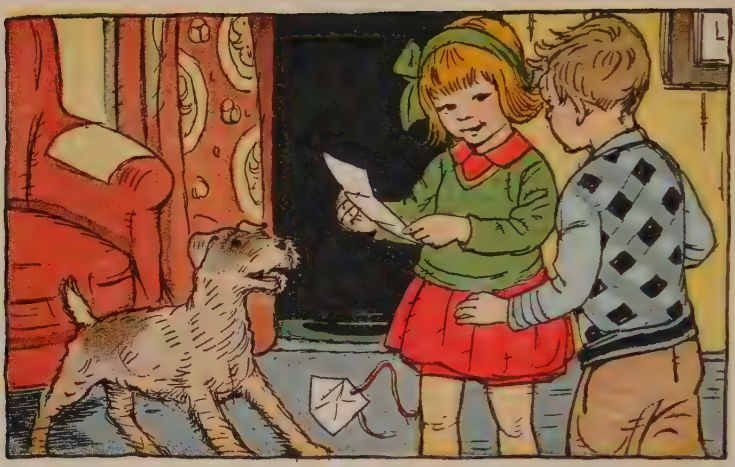
"Where have you been, sir?" asked Jack, stamping his foot. "Speak!"

Laddie shook himself, scattering the snow from his coat.

"Look, Jack, look," said Jean, in surprise. "There's something tied around his neck. Hold Laddie till I see what it is."

947258

SALT LAKE COUNTY
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
MIDVALE, UTAH



Jack caught Laddie and held him tight. Then Jean took from his neck a red ribbon. Tied to the ribbon was a tiny note.

Jean read,

For Jean and Jack

"It's a letter for you and me, Jack," said Jean. "Where did you get it, Laddie?"

But Laddie only jumped about and barked.

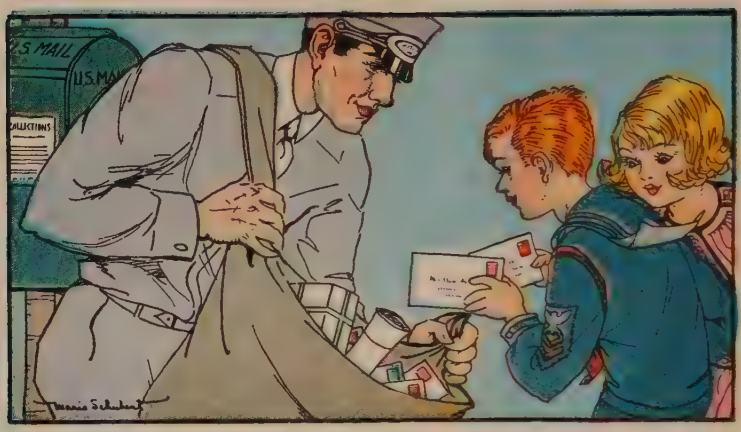
Jean opened the note and read:

> Dear Jean and Jack,
>
> Father is clearing a path. In a little while I can come and help you make candy. How do you like your little postman?
>
> Betty

"Betty is coming, Mother," laughed Jean. "Laddie has been over to her house and she sent him home with this letter."

"Laddie, Laddie, you are a good little postman," said Jack.

"Bow-wow," was all that queer little postman said.

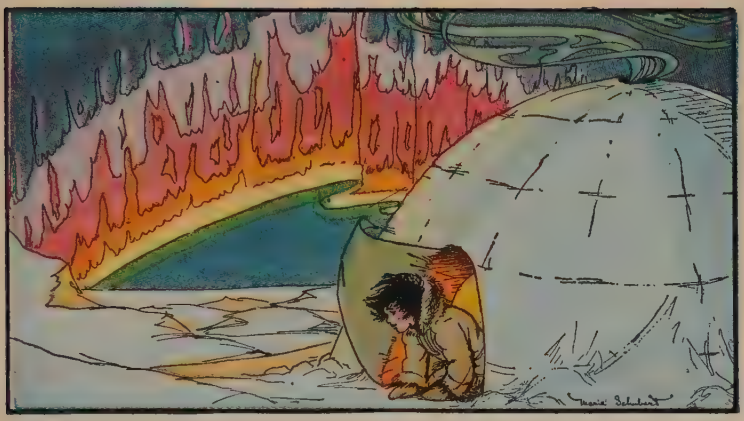


The Postman

He must, I think, be very strong
To be a postman all day long;
For though it snows, or rains, or sleets,
He still goes walking through the streets.

I'm sometimes there when he unlocks
And empties out the letter box;
And if I keep my letter back
He lets me drop it in his sack.

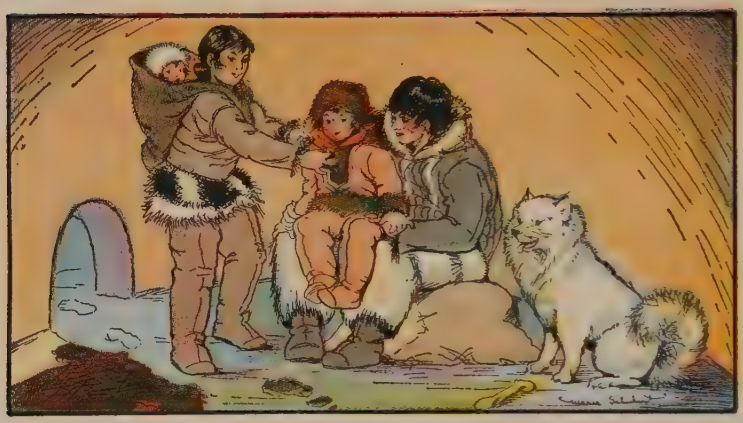
ROSE FYLEMAN



Eskimos at Home

In a land far away to the North is the home of the Eskimos. The picture shows the kind of house which some of these people live in during the long winter.

An Eskimo calls his winter house an igloo. It is made of blocks of ice and snow. Sometimes the door is so low that even the children have to stoop to get in and out of the house.



Children in this cold country need warm clothes. Father hunts animals and catches fish for food. Out of the skins that he brings home, Mother makes clothes for her little ones.

Each boy and each girl has two suits. One suit is worn with the fur next to the body. The other suit is worn over the first, but often with the fur outside. Boots made of skin keep the little feet warm.

There is only one room in this queer snow house, and in this room all the work is done. The Eskimo family sleeps, cooks, and eats there.

How do you think they light this living room? In a stone lamp they put oil made from the fat of animals. The flame from this lamp gives both light and heat. A window at the top of the snow house lets out the smoke.

The children are very happy in their snow houses. They play all kinds of games indoors.

This is how they run a race. They sit down in a ring and take hold of their toes. Jump, jump, jump, they move along. The one who can go the fastest wins the race.

They have merry times out of doors, too, playing in the snow. Coasting on their sleds and rolling down hill are the best of sports to them.

To roll down hill they put their heads between their knees and take hold of their ankles. Then down they go, over and over. They look like big snowballs rolling along. They laugh merrily as they go.

Eskimos do not live in their snow houses all the year. When summer comes, the ice begins to melt. Then the Eskimos leave their winter homes and move away.

They try to find a place near the sea where Father can get plenty of sea food. During the summer their houses are tents made of skins.

Mother and Father know it is not hard to find food in summer. Father brings home plenty of fish which Mother cooks for all the family.

The children are glad to help Father get the food. They climb on the rocks and hunt for birds' eggs. Often they gather seaweed along the seashore, or go with Father to fish.

In the winter food is hard to get. That is why Mother and Father must save enough in summer to last through the winter days.

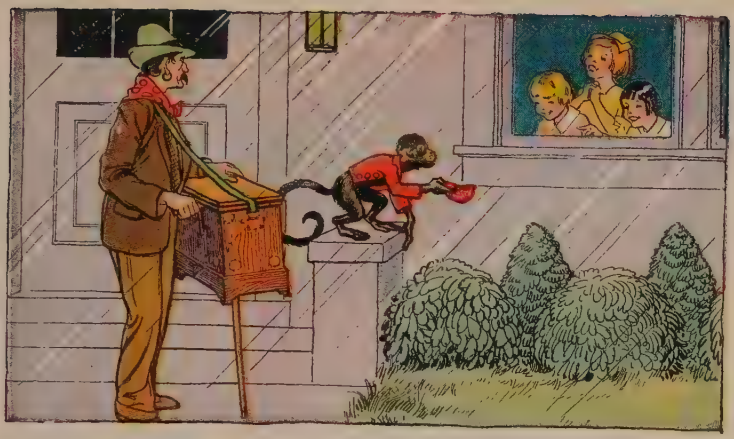
Should you like to be an Eskimo boy or an Eskimo girl and live in a winter house made of ice and snow?

1. Are igloos made of blocks of wood?
2. Do Eskimos live in igloos the year round?
3. Do Eskimo children wear shoes like yours?
4. Are their games like the games you play?
5. Do Eskimos use oil lamps to light their houses?
6. In summer do the boys help Father to catch fish?
7. Do the children gather eggs and seaweed for food?
8. Does Mother save food for winter?
9. Do you like to read about the Eskimos?

Rain

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



Singing

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The Wind

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child like me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Read. Then Answer

Answer from the poem:

1. What did the wind do to the kites?
2. What did the blowing wind sound like?
3. We can not see the wind. How can we tell that it is blowing?

Think and answer:

1. You have seen the wind at work. What work was it doing?
2. What jokes have you seen the wind play?
3. Answer the questions which the little boy in the poem asks.

Something to Make

Take a square piece of paper. Fold the lower left corner to the upper right corner. Press the paper down. Open it. Do the same with the other corners.

On each line cut or tear the paper from the outside almost to the center. You now have eight points.

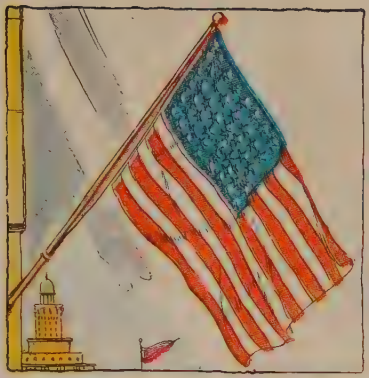
Fold one of the points to the center and hold it. Now fold every second point to the center. Stick a pin through these four points. Then stick it through the center of the paper.

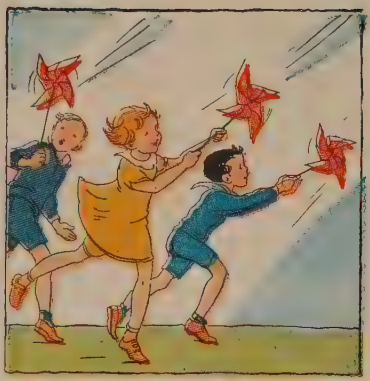
Now push the pin into the end of a short stick. Hold the stick and run. Watch the pinwheel turn.

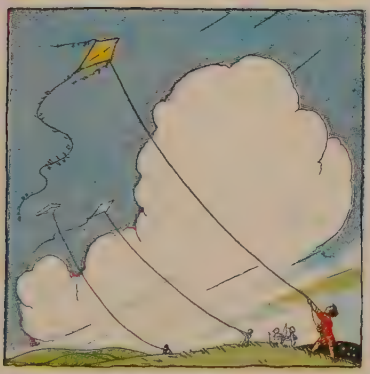
The Wind at Work and at Play

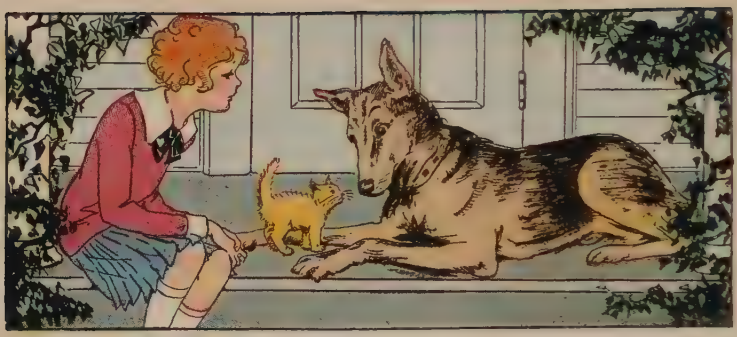
Find the pictures on the next page that go with these stories:

1. The wind helps to dry our clothes.
2. Whir, whir! Work, work! Hear the windmill as the wind turns its arms round and round.
3. The pinwheels go round and round as the children run with them.
4. Boys fly their kites when the wind is blowing.
5. Is the wind playing a joke on that little girl's umbrella?
6. My colors are red, white, and blue. The wind blows me this way and that way.









Spot and Puff

Dogs and kittens are often good friends. Read this story about a dog and a kitten that lived in the same home.

1. The New Pet

"Spot, here is my new kitten," said Peggy one morning. "Her name is Puff."

Peggy put the little yellow kitten between the front paws of Spot, the big watchdog.

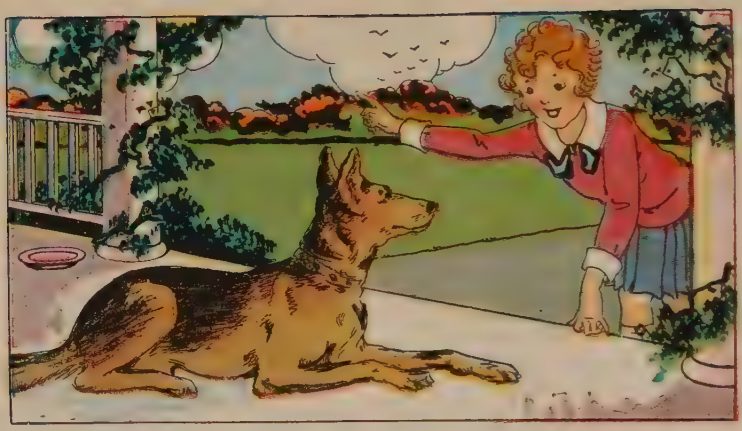
"You must help me take care of her, Spot," said Peggy.

To Peggy's surprise, Spot jumped to his feet, looked at the kitten, and then walked slowly away.

When Puff ran after him, Spot turned and growled at her as if to say, "I have no time for you."

"Mother," said Peggy one day, "I'm afraid Spot and Puff will never be friends. And it's all Spot's fault. When Puff wants to play with him, he does nothing but growl at her and walk away."

"But I'm sure he won't hurt her, Peggy," said Mother. "He does not want to be bothered with a playful little kitten."



2. The Lost Kitten

One morning, three weeks later, Puff was missing. Peggy brought a saucer of milk to the porch and called out, "Come, Puff, here is your breakfast." But Puff did not come.

"Mother, have you seen Puff this morning?" asked the little girl.

"Yes," said Mother. "Puff was on the porch trying to play with Spot. She must be in the garden."

Peggy ran to the garden and called, "Puff, Puff, come and drink your milk." But Puff did not come.

Father was at work in the garden.

"Have you seen Puff this morning, Father?" asked Peggy.

"She was on the porch, trying to play with Spot a little while ago," said Father. "But I haven't seen her in the garden."

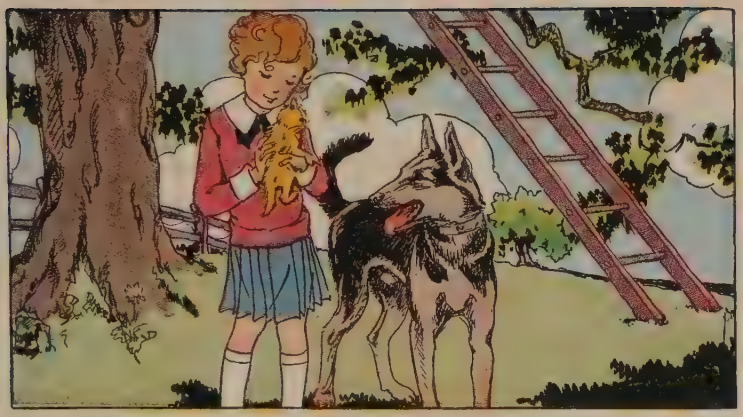
Then Peggy ran back to the house, saying to herself, "Oh, I'm afraid Spot has chased my kitten away."

Peggy soon reached the porch where Spot was lying in the sunshine. "Puff is lost, Spot," she said. "It is all your fault. Go and find her this minute!"

Spot jumped to his feet, and bounded away toward the garden, but he did not stop there.

On he hurried to the apple orchard, where he ran in and out among the trees. In a little while, he stopped and pointed his nose upward. Then he barked and barked.

Mother, Father, and Peggy hurried to the orchard. There, up in the tree on one of the highest branches, they saw a yellow kitten.



"It's Puff," called out Peggy. "Spot knew where to find her. What shall we do? She is afraid to come down."

"Kittens are good climbers," said Father, "but they can not run down from a high place. I'll get a ladder from the barn."

Father brought the ladder. Soon Puff was snuggling down in Peggy's arms.

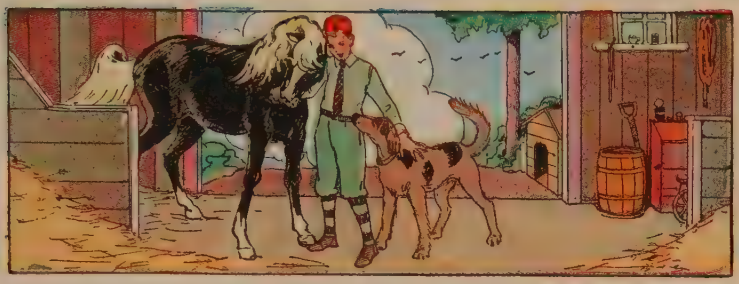
"You frightened my kitten, Spot. That's why she ran away," said Peggy, as Spot trotted along at her side.

"Now drink your milk," said Peggy to the hungry little kitten. Puff drank the milk. All the while Spot stood watching her.

Later in the morning, Peggy found Spot lying on the porch. There, between his front paws, lay Puff, fast asleep.

"Good Spot, good dog!" said Peggy, patting him.

Then she ran into the house and whispered to Mother, "Spot and Puff are good friends now. Come and see, Mother."



Jigs and Laddie

Jigs, a pony, and Laddie, a big watchdog, were Jack's pets. They were all good friends.

In the barn near the garden, Jigs had a comfortable bed of clean straw. Laddie slept in a big, cozy box which stood near the barn door.

Jack and his pets had good times together. Sometimes Jack could not play with them. Then Jigs would play with Laddie, rolling him over and over on the floor of the barn.

When Jigs came out of the barn, Laddie would jump around him, snapping and barking at the pony's heels. The dog thought this was good fun.

One day Jigs found the barn door open. He trotted out and started to the garden. Laddie followed quickly. He wanted to see what the pony was going to do.

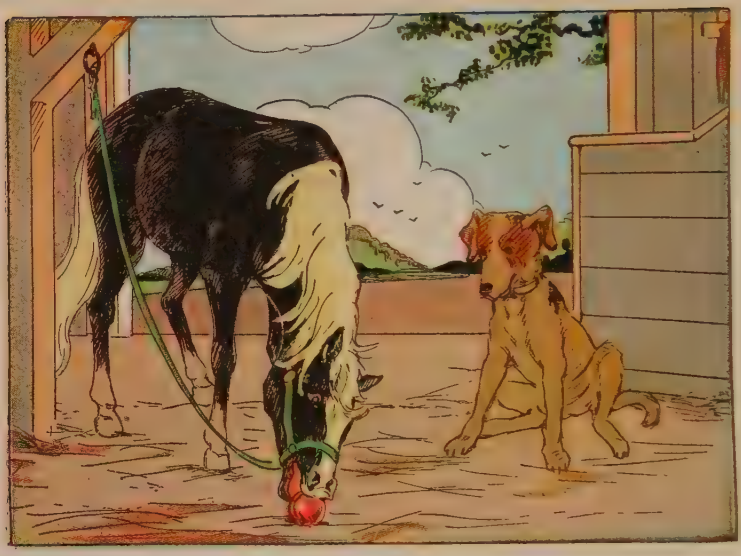
Through the garden and straight to the orchard went Jigs. There, under the trees, lay plenty of ripe apples which he began to eat.

From the window Jack saw his pony having a feast in the orchard. "Come out, Jigs," called Jack. "You must not go into the orchard. Come out, I say."

Jack ran downstairs, out of the house, and into the orchard. He chased the pony back to the barn.

This time Jack fastened Jigs up in the stall.

But Jigs did not lose his feast. As soon as Jack went away, Laddie ran to the orchard. There in the grass he found a ripe, red apple. He took it in his mouth and scampered to the barn. Laddie ran to Jigs and laid the apple on the ground by his friend. The pony ate it at once.



Laddie went to the orchard again. He soon came back with another apple which Jigs ate.

Until the fruit was gathered in, Laddie brought apples for Jigs every day. The big dog would sit and watch the pony enjoy his feast. It seemed to give Laddie as much pleasure as it gave his friend.

Read. Then Answer.

Answer from the story:

1. Who was Jigs?
2. Who was Laddie?
3. Where did Jigs go one morning when he found the barn door open?
4. What did he find in the orchard that pleased him?
5. What did Laddie do to show that he was a friend to Jigs?

Think and answer:

1. How do we know that Jack took good care of his pets?
2. Why may we call Laddie a clever dog?

How to Take Care of Pets

Children who have pets must take care of them. There are good-health rules for pets as well as for children.

In these lessons you will learn how to care for some pets.

1. The Dog

One good meal a day is enough for a dog. If you give him one meal with meat early in the morning, you may give him another light meal late in the afternoon.

Young dogs like milk, and milk is good for them.

Feed your dog fresh meat and a few vegetables.

Have a drinking pan for him. Fill it every day with fresh, clean water.

In summer, give your dog a bath at least once a week.

Put a big box in the yard for his sleeping place. Keep the box dry and clean.

Let your dog run and jump and play. Teach him some tricks.

Here are some good-health rules for a dog:

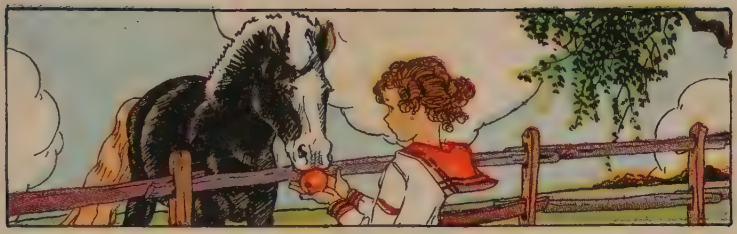
1. Feed your dog once a day.
2. Give him clean water to drink.
3. Make him a clean, dry bed.
4. Give him a bath once a week.
5. Let him run, jump, and play.

Give your kitten warm milk to drink. Put the milk into a saucer and place the saucer where the kitten can reach it.

Make a clean place where she can sleep. An old basket or a box is best. In the sleeping place lay something that makes a soft bed. A kitten always likes a soft, warm place in which to sleep.

Do not give your kitten a bath. Mother Cat teaches her kittens how to clean themselves. Your kitten will like you to brush her coat, if you do it gently.

Give your kitten fresh, clean water to drink.



3. The Pony

If you have a pet pony, feed him three meals a day.

He likes hay and corn to eat. He is fond of green things, too. Let him out, if you can, in the field for a good meal of grass.

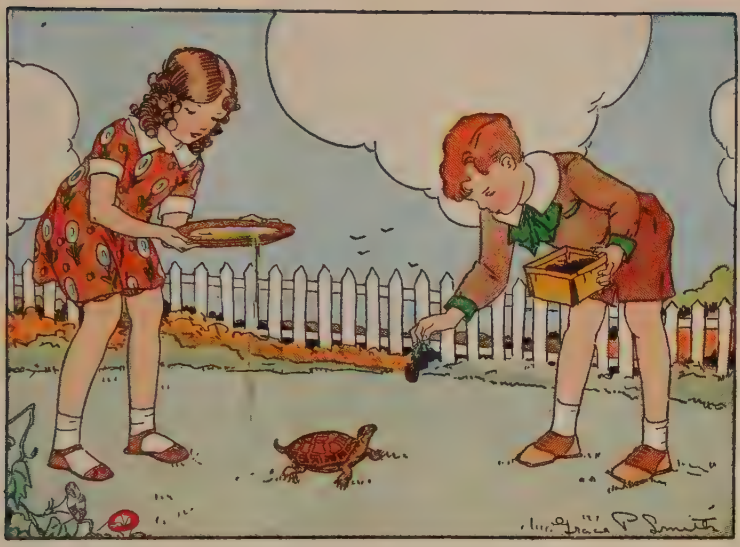
Sometimes give him an apple. He will think that a treat.

Your pony needs plenty of fresh, clean water. The right time to let him drink is a half hour before eating and a half hour after eating. Be sure that the water is fresh and clean.

Keep his sleeping place in the barn covered with clean straw.

Brush his coat often. This will keep it clean and make it shine, too.

Take your pony out every day for a run.

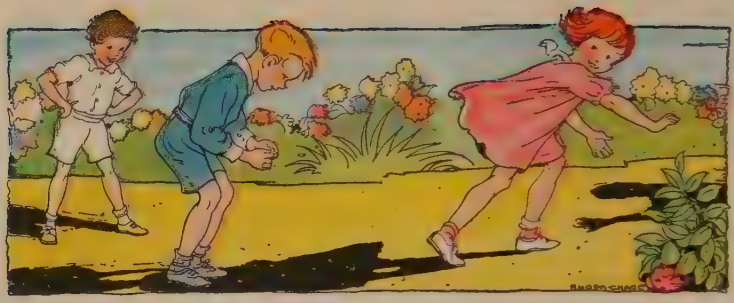


4. The Turtle

Children sometimes keep turtles as pets.

If you have a pet turtle, feed him lettuce leaves, fruit, and bits of raw meat. He will think blackberries a great treat.

Be sure to give your turtle plenty of fresh, clean water.



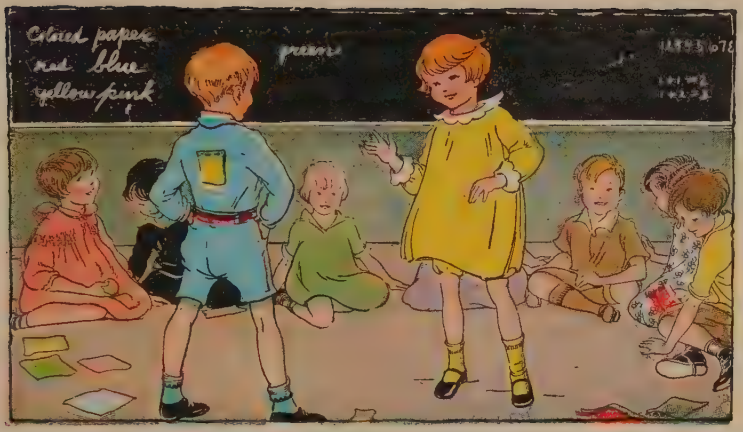
Shadow Tag

This game must be played out of doors when the sun is shining.

One of the players is the leader. He tries to step or to jump on the shadow of another player.

If the leader steps on the shadow, he calls out the name of the player. The one whose shadow is stepped on becomes the leader.

Players must be sure to run out in the sunshine. Then the leader can see the shadows clearly.



The Color Game

You can play this game in your schoolroom. This is the way to play it.

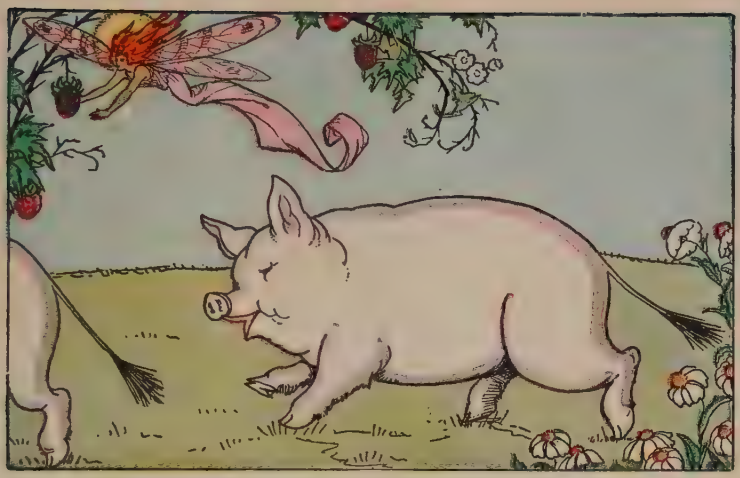
Get some pieces of colored paper. Use pieces of red paper, blue paper, yellow paper, pink paper, and green paper.

Stand or sit in a circle on the floor. Choose a player to be the leader and another player to be IT.

The player who is IT, closes his eyes. The leader chooses a piece of colored paper, and shows it to the other players. He then pins it on his back and goes into the circle. He calls to the one who is IT, "Open your eyes and see the color on my back."

The player who is IT opens his eyes, goes into the circle, and tries to see the color. But the leader runs backward. He will not let his color be seen.

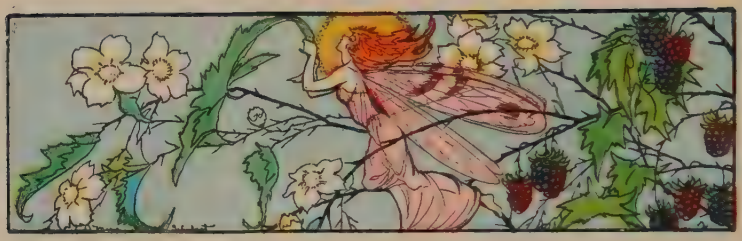
If IT can name the color, he wins. He then becomes leader and chooses a player from the circle to be IT.



Why Pigs Have Curly Tails

Long ago, they say, pigs had straight tails. Here is a story of how their tails came to be curly.

There was once a fairy who fell into a bramble bush. It was a very thick bramble bush and she could not get out. She was badly scratched. The thorns caught her tiny wings and spoiled her pretty dress.

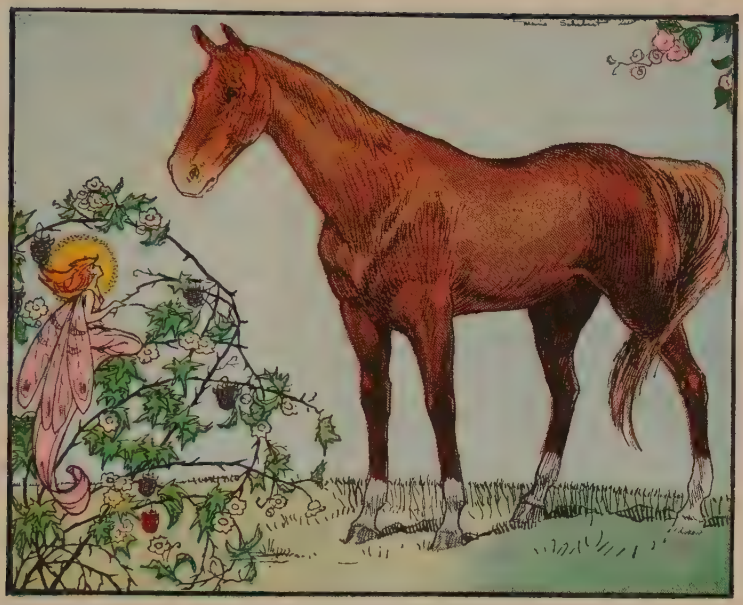


The bush formed part of a hedge which ran by the side of an orchard. Soon a horse came sauntering up to the hedge.

"Oh, please help me, sir," said the fairy. "I'm caught in a bramble bush and I can't get out."

The horse stopped and looked at her. "That's an ugly place to be in," he said. "What will you give me, if I get you out?"

"I'll give you a golden halter and a silver bit," said the fairy. The horse shook his head.



"It's not worth it," he said. "My master loves me for my beautiful skin and I really must not spoil it. I'm quite sure I should scratch myself. Besides, I have some nice harness of my own. My master sees to that. Sorry I can't be of any help to you," and he walked away.

A little later a robin perched on the bramble bush. "Oh, please, Mr. Robin, won't you come and help me?" said the fairy. "I can't get out."

"What will you give me," asked the robin, "if I help you out?"

"I'll give you a vest of gold and slippers of silver," said the fairy.

"Thank you very much," said the robin, "but I don't think they would suit me. I have a nice red vest already. Besides, I am very busy. I've some baby robins to look after and my wife doesn't like me to be away long." And he flew off.

There were sheep grazing in the field on the other side of the hedge. One of them came munching close to the bramble bush.

"Oh, please, Mrs. Sheep," said the fairy, "can you help me out of here?"

"What will you give me, if I do?" asked the sheep.

"I will teach you to sing as the fairies sing," said the fairy.

The sheep stood still and stared and stared. Then she said, "That's all very well; but I think I have a very nice voice and can already sing rather well. I'd gladly help you, but the thorns would tear my fine woolen coat and that would never do." And she went on munching.

The fairy began to think she would never get out of the bramble bush.

Just then a pig came by. He saw the fairy sitting in the bramble bush with her head on her knees. "What's the matter?" he asked.

The Fairy raised her head. She saw the pig's ugly pink nose poking into the bramble bush. She told him her trouble.

"I think I can get you out," said the pig. "I'm not much to look at. A few scratches won't spoil me."

So with a good many puffs and grunts the pig pushed aside the branches as far as the middle of the bush. By doing this, he made a clear way for the fairy to get out.

Marie Schubert

How happy she was when she found herself once more free and in the clear sunshine. The pig stood and looked at her, for she was a dear little thing. Then he started off down the orchard.

"Don't go. Oh, don't go," said the fairy.

The pig turned around. "You've not had your reward," said the fairy, as she came near.

"I don't want any reward, thank you," grunted the pig, and he moved on.

But the fairy ran after him.

"You must have a reward," she said. "I shall be most unhappy if you don't."

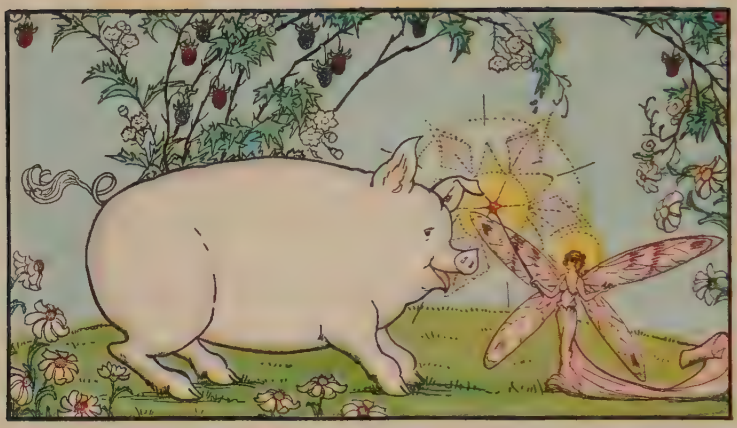
"But I don't want anything, thank you. I have been very glad to help you," said the pig.

The fairy stood in front of him wondering what she could give him that would be of any use. Nobody seemed to want her fairy gifts.

"Wouldn't you like something to make you more beautiful?" she asked. She really meant not so ugly, but she did not want to hurt the pig's feelings.

"I'm afraid it's hopeless," said the pig, smiling. "You see I'm such an ugly fellow. You'd have to change me all over."

"But surely a little something," said the fairy; and she looked at him more thoughtfully than ever.



Now all this happened a long time ago when pigs had straight tails like most of the other animals.

Suddenly the fairy looked at his tail. "I know, I know," she said. "You shall have a curly tail. That will make you look much better."

The pig looked rather pleased. "Well, have your own way," he said. "I can't see my own tail, but perhaps it wouldn't look bad."

The fairy touched the pig's tail with her fairy wand. In a moment it curled up into nice little rings.

And ever since that day pigs have had curly tails.

ROSE FYLEMAN

Find. Then Read

1. Read the part of this story that tells why the robin did not help.
2. Read the part that tells why the horse did not help.
3. Read the part that tells why the sheep did not help.
4. Read the part that tells why the pig helped.
5. Read the part that tells what the fairy did to give the pig his reward.

The Two Jumpers

A rabbit once said to a pig, "I am a great jumper. I can jump farther than anyone else in the world."

"Nonsense," said the pig. "I am a better jumper than any rabbit. I can jump over this ditch."

"That's nothing," said the rabbit. "I can leap over a ditch twice as wide as this one."

"We can soon find out who is the better jumper," said the rabbit. "Let's leap over this ditch here. The one who jumps the farther, wins."

"Very well," said the pig.

A fox, who was standing near, heard what they said.

Bennett

"Friend Fox, will you tell us who is the better jumper?" asked the pig.

"I will," said the fox.

The rabbit hopped a little way toward the ditch. Then he gave a great leap. He tried to go over the ditch, but he missed it. Down he went.

It was the pig's turn. He jumped.

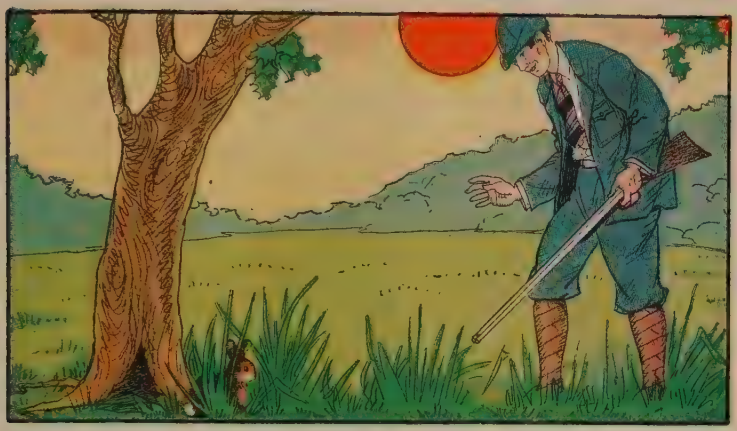
Down he went into the same ditch, not far from the rabbit.

"Friend Fox, who is the better jumper?" called out the two.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the fox.

"Both in the ditch!
Can't tell which!"

Don't boast about what you can do!

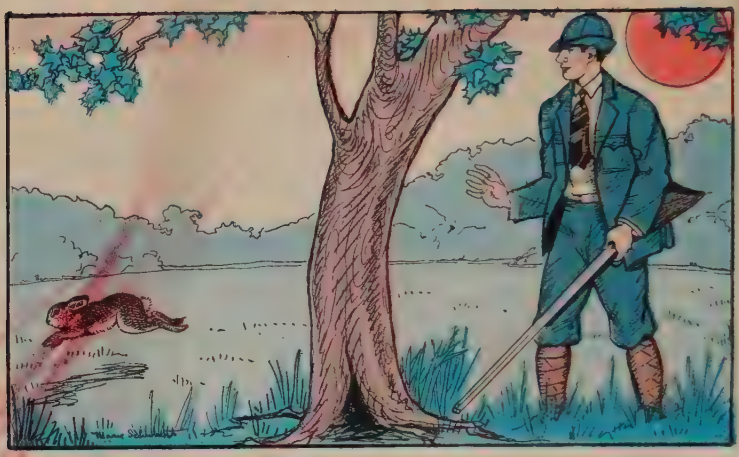


The Hunter and the Rabbit

One morning, while a hunter was walking through a field, he saw a little rabbit.

The hunter said to himself, "I'll catch that little rabbit. Soon he will grow to be a big rabbit. Then I shall sell him and buy a lamb.

"The lamb will grow to be a sheep. Then I shall sell the sheep and buy a calf.



"The calf will grow to be a cow. As soon as the cow is big enough, I shall sell her.

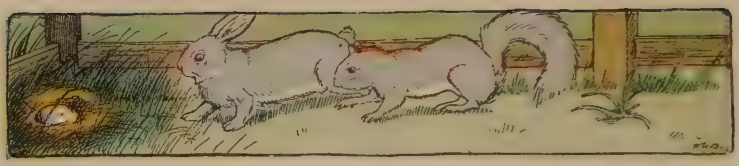
"With the money I get for the cow, I shall build me a hut. Then I shall have a house of my own. Ha, ha! Won't that be fine!"

He made such a noise that he frightened the little rabbit. Away it leaped into the wood.

Bobby Squirrel Plays a Joke

One bright spring morning, Bobby Squirrel and his friend, Jack Rabbit, were playing in Farmer Brown's barnyard. Bobby spied a large, shiny egg in a fence corner.

He laughed and said, "Billy Skunk has not made a visit to this barnyard to-day. He would have seen that fine egg, I'm sure."

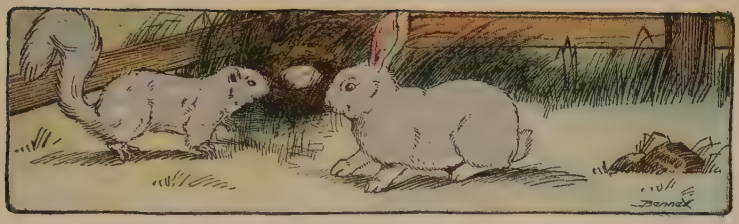


"It must be a duck's egg," said Jack Rabbit, hopping nearer to the fence corner. Then he called out, "Come here, Bobby, and tell me what kind of egg this is. I never saw one like it before."

The squirrel came quickly. He turned the shiny egg over and over.

"It's not a real egg at all, Jack. I know all about it. This is what the farmer's wife calls a nest egg," said Bobby Squirrel.

"A nest egg," repeated Jack. He looked puzzled. "Is a nest egg good to eat?"



"No, no, no!" laughed Bobby. "Sometimes Speckle, the old hen, forgets to lay. The farmer's wife puts a china egg in the nest, to remind the hen what she should do."

"I see," nodded Jack Rabbit, but he still looked a bit puzzled.

Bobby Squirrel's eyes twinkled with fun. His bushy tail shook with his laughter. In a little while he called out, "I'm thinking about some fun we can have, if you will help me, Jack."

"Of course I will," said the rabbit.

"We can play a joke on Billy Skunk. I met him in the meadow this morning. He told me he had not had a fresh egg to eat for three days. Come closer, so that no one will hear, Jack."

Jack Rabbit leaned his ear close to Bobby Squirrel, who said, "Under the hedge near the big wood we'll make a nest, and put this china egg in it. Then we'll show Billy Skunk where he can find something he likes to eat. Oh, what fun it will be to see him try to eat a china egg! Come, Jack, we'll make the nest now."

Off scampered the little friends, laughing gayly.

Under the hedge near the big wood, they found a snug place for a nest. All the morning they worked as hard as they could.

They made the nest out of grass, leaves, and hay. Bobby Squirrel had to stop working once in a while, because he was laughing so merrily. Jack Rabbit enjoyed the sport, too.

In the afternoon the nest was finished, and the large, white, china egg was put into it. Every time Bobby looked at it, he laughed.

"Come, Jack, let us find Billy Skunk," he said.

They looked all over the meadow and through the woods, but nowhere could they see Billy.

"What shall we do, Jack?" asked the little squirrel.

In a little while, Jack Rabbit said, "It's growing dark and I am too tired to go farther to-night. Let us wait for him to-morrow morning near the barnyard. I think he goes there every morning."

"Yes, yes," said Bobby. "I'm sure we shall find him there."

The next morning, the two friends went across the meadow towards the barnyard.

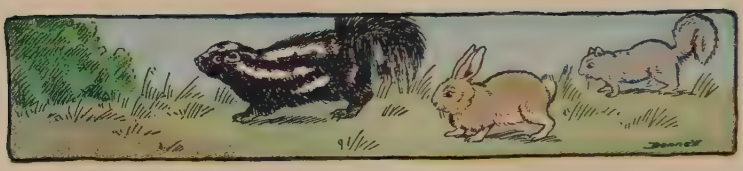
"Look, there he comes!" whispered Bobby.

"Don't laugh! He'll guess we're playing a joke on him, if you do," said Jack. "Perhaps you'd better let me do the talking. Good morning, Billy."

"Good morning," answered Billy.

"Are the hens laying many eggs this spring?" asked Jack.

Billy looked sharply at his little friend and said, "I haven't had one egg since Farmer Brown built the new house for his hens."



"There's an egg in a nest under the hedge, Billy. We saw it there yesterday afternoon," said Bobby. "Come, we'll show you where it is."

They hurried over to the hedge. As they drew near, Bobby said, "The nest is under that big bush."

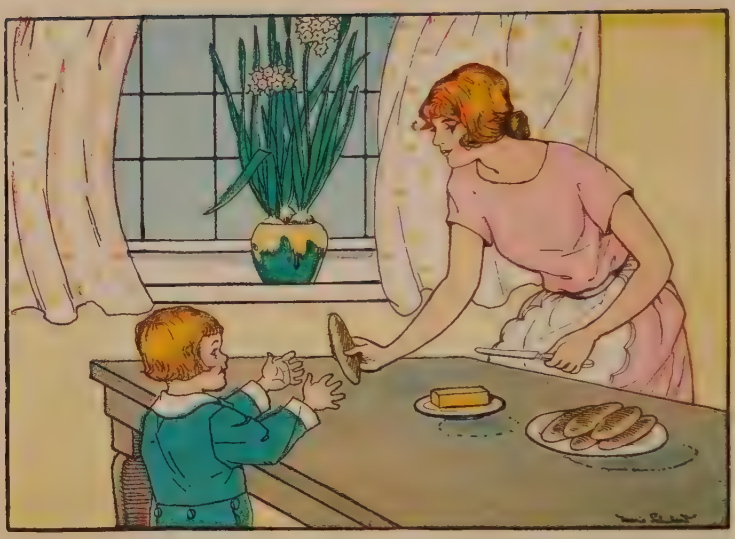
Billy Skunk ran as fast as he could. He reached the nest before Jack and Bobby, who followed after him.

But when they came near, they saw Billy toss the china egg aside with his nose. And how surprised they were to see him pick up another egg and begin to eat it as fast as he could!

Over in the woods they heard old Speckle cackling merrily.

"Thank you, my friends! Thank you!" said Billy Skunk.

"You're — you're welcome, Billy," answered Jack and Bobby. They ran away as fast as they could go.



The Roll of Bread

Many people have much work to do before we can have bread to eat. Read this story of a roll of bread.

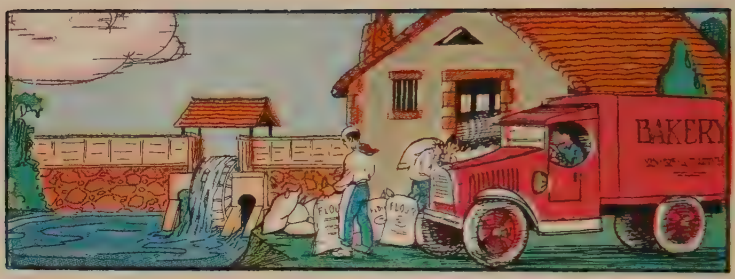
Once upon a time a little boy named Ted was very hungry.

"I wish I had something to eat," he said. And his mother gave him a roll of bread.

1. The Baker

She had bought it that morning from the busy baker. He kept a shop at the corner.

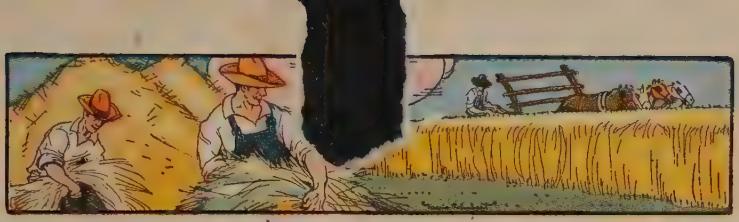
The baker had flour so fine and so white;
Shakity shake, he sifted it light,
To make the roll of nice fresh bread
That Mother gave to little boy Ted.



2. The Miller

The baker got the flour from the merry miller. His mill stood by the side of the river.

The miller was merry, and so was the mill;
Clickety clack, it never was still
As it ground the flour so fine and white
For the busy baker who sifted it light,
With a shakity shake, to make the bread
That Mother gave to little boy Ted.



3. The Farmer

. The flour was made from the yellow wheat which the farmer had brought to the mill.

"Get up! Get up!" said Farmer Brown;
As clipety clap, he rode to town
To take the wheat to the miller's mill;
Clickety clack, it never was still
As it ground the wheat into flour white
For the busy baker who sifted it light,
With a shakity shake, to make the bread
That Mother gave to little boy Ted.

The wheat grew in the fields that the farmer had plowed.
He plowed the fields, and he sowed the grain;
Then pitter patter, the gentle rain
Came in a hurry to help it grow;
And the sun shone down with its golden glow
To ripen the grain for Farmer Brown,
Who, clipety clap, rode into town
To take the wheat to the miller's mill;
Clickety clack, it never was still
As it ground the wheat into flour white
For the busy baker who sifted it light,
With a shakity shake, to make the bread
That Mother gave to little boy Ted.

Ted sat on the kitchen doorstep to eat the roll.

"I like the roll of nice, fresh bread. Thank you, Mother," said little boy Ted.

Read. Then Answer

Here are three short stories for you to read. Each tells something that must be done before we can have bread to eat.

1. The miller grinds the wheat at the mill. Out of the wheat he makes flour.

2. The farmer plows the fields. Then he sows the grain. By and by he gathers the wheat.

3. Out of the flour the baker makes bread.

Which tells what must be done first?
Which tells what must be done next?
Which tells what must be done last?

baker grocer
miller farmer
postman milkman
policeman

1. Every morning the —— brings milk to our house.
2. The —— plows the field and sows the grain.
3. We buy molasses, fruit, and candy from the ——.
4. The man who makes bread, rolls, cake, and cookies is called a ——.
5. The —— grinds the wheat to make flour.
6. The —— helps us to cross the street safely.
7. The —— brings our letters.

What Happened to Polly

Polly did not like to work. She did not like to help Mother wash the dishes, sweep the floor, or make the beds.

Polly did not even like to wash her face and dress herself. She wanted to do nothing but play all day long.

One day Mother asked Polly to help weed the garden. Polly went out of doors and began to work.

"Oh, dear!" said the little girl, after she had pulled up some weeds. "Must I always be just a little girl? Must I always do the things that little girls do?"

Polly sat down under a rosebush to rest. "I wish that I could be something else," she said.

1. The Visit of the Fairy

Then a strange thing happened.

Polly heard a tiny voice ask, "What would you like to be, little girl?" There, standing in front of her, Polly saw a fairy.

"Oh, Fairy," said Polly, "can you really make me something else?"

"I can," answered the fairy. "What would you like to be?"

Polly thought for a minute. Then, looking up at the rosebush, she said, "I'd like to be a pink rosebud. Pink rosebuds don't have to work. They don't even have to wash themselves. They wait for the rain."

"Very well," said the fairy.

The next minute Polly felt herself changing into a pink rosebud.

Polly liked to be a rosebud. What fun it was to swing on the stem and to play with the wind! And what fun to have nothing to do!

Soon she heard a voice saying, "Come, children, we must begin our work." It was the voice of Mother Rosebush.

"Work," said Polly in surprise. "Do rosebuds work?"

"Oh, yes," said Mother Rosebush. "We bathe ourselves in dew. That is the way rosebuds grow into full-blown roses."

"I want to be just a rosebud," said Polly. And she would not bathe in the dew.

The next morning there was one little rosebud on the bush. All the others were full-blown roses.

Suddenly the pink rosebud looked down. She saw a big green worm and two little worms. They were coming up her stem as fast as they could crawl.

"Come on," said the big green worm. "I see a rosebud. There's just one on the branch. We'll eat it for our breakfast."

How frightened Polly was!

"Wait, wait!" she called out, as the worms came nearer. "Don't eat me. I'm not a real rosebud. I am a little girl, and I am not good to eat."

But the big green worm just said, "Come on, children, come on."

Polly was so frightened that she called out, "Fairy, Fairy, come, come! I do not want to be a rose-bud."

There, standing in front of her, was the fairy. "What would you like to be?" she asked Polly.

"Make me something that the worms don't eat. I would like to be a bird and fly," said Polly.

So the fairy changed Polly into a little bird with a red breast.

Polly thought it was more fun to be a bird than to be a rosebud. Away she flew in and out of the trees and the garden. In the afternoon she met another bird with a red breast.

"Come and play with me," said Polly.

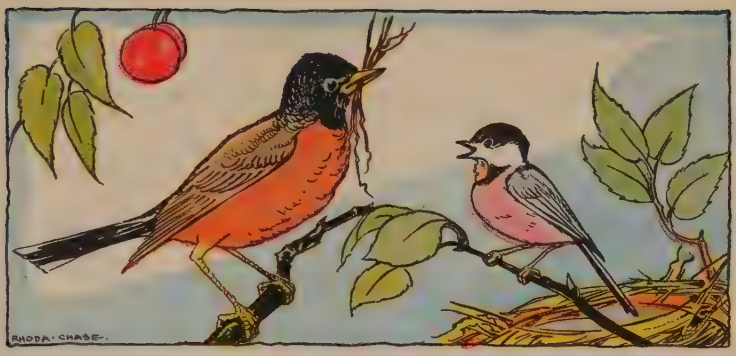
"I can't," said the bird. "I'm busy working."

"Working! Do birds work?" asked Polly.

"I'm building a nest. That's work," said the bird.

"Will you play when the nest is built?" asked Polly.

"No. Then I shall lay some eggs in my nest."



"When the eggs are laid, will you play with me?"

"Oh, no," answered the bird. "I must sit on the eggs to keep them warm. My little birds will come out of those eggs."

"Then may we all play together?" asked Polly.

"I'm afraid not. Baby birds need a lot of care. I shall be busy every minute," said the bird. Then she flew away.

When the evening came, Polly was tired and hungry. She flew to a nest where there were three other birds.

"Here comes Mother with our supper," said one of the birds.

There was Mother Bird with a worm in her bill.

"Open your mouths," she said to all in the nest.

"No, no," cried Polly. "I'm not a real bird. I am a little girl and I can not eat that worm."

But Mother Bird just said, "Open your mouths."

This frightened Polly so that she called out, "Fairy, Fairy, Fairy, come! I want to be a little girl again."

4. A Little Girl Again

Polly sat up and opened her eyes. She looked at the rosebush near her; then up at the tree where there was a nest of baby robins.

"If I were a pink rosebud, the worms would eat me. If I were a robin, I would have to eat the worms. I'd rather be a little girl."

Polly jumped up and began to weed the garden.

Find the Right Words

in her bill	making a nest
bathe in dew	keep them warm
lay some eggs	baby birds
full-blown roses	

1. A robin works hard when she is ——.
2. When the nest is made, she will —— in it.
3. Then she will sit on the eggs to ——.
4. —— will come out of the eggs.
5. When the birds are hungry, Mother Robin will fly to them with a worm ——.
6. Every morning rosebuds ——.
7. That is the way they grow to be ——.

At the Market

Most boys and girls like to go to a market. There they see vegetables, fruit, flowers, and other things, all ready for people to buy.

Here is a picture of a vegetable man and his stall. He has cabbages, corn, peas, potatoes, and carrots for sale.

How clean and fresh his vegetables look! That is because he washes the dirt from them.

He knows that people buy many vegetables to eat. They like to buy those that are clean and fresh.

We eat only part of some vegetables. The leaves of the cabbage are good, but we do not eat the root.

Do you see the peas which the vegetable man has in his basket?

Inside each shell are many little green peas. They are the seeds. When you eat peas, you eat the seeds of the plant.

You can find the carrots on the stall by their green tops and long roots. The green tops are the stems and leaves of the plant. We cut off the stems and leaves of the carrot, and eat only the root of this vegetable.

When you are at the market again, go to a vegetable stall. See if you can find other vegetables whose leaves, seeds, or roots we eat.

What Vegetable Am I?

I

They call me a head; but I have no eyes, no nose, no ears, and no mouth.

People cook my leaves to eat.

Am I a potato or a cabbage?

II

I am an ear, but I can not hear.

I am the seeds of the plant.

Children like me to eat when I am sweet.

Am I peas or an ear of corn?

III

I grow on the root of the plant.

I have eyes, but I can not see.

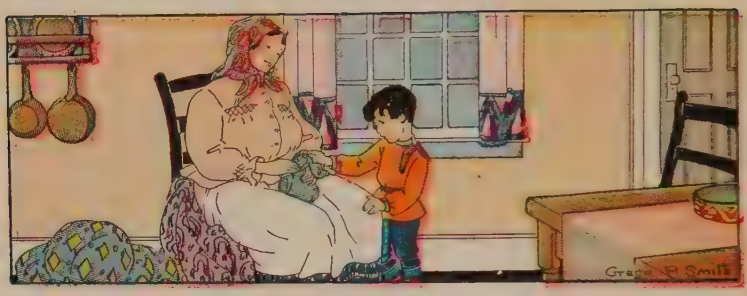
You like to eat me when I'm cooked.

Am I a carrot or a potato?

The White Goat

Once upon a time there was a little boy and his name was Andrewshek. His mother and his father brought him from far across the sea when he was a baby.

On Andrewshek's fourth birthday, his Auntie Katushka came from the old country. She brought with her a big bag filled with presents for Andrewshek and for his mother and his father.



In the bag were a fine feather bed, a bright shawl, and five pounds of poppy seeds.

The fine feather bed was made from feathers of her old gray goose at home. It was to keep Andrewshek warm when he took a nap.

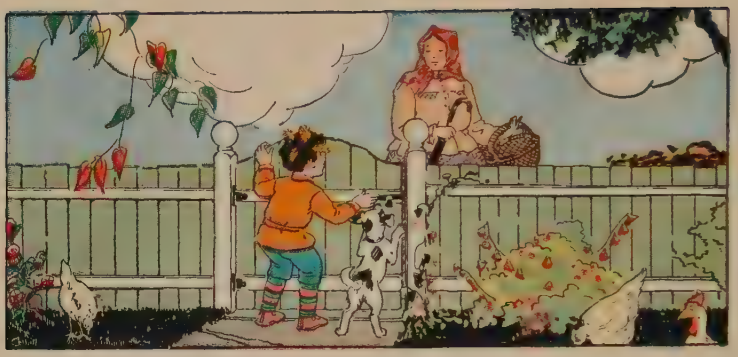
The bright shawl was for Auntie Katushka to wear when she went to market. The five pounds of poppy seed were to put on little cakes which Auntie Katushka made every Saturday morning for Andrewshek.

One Saturday morning his Auntie Katushka said, "Andrewshek, I must go to market and buy a goat."

Andrewshek was playing in the garden. He had pulled out some feathers from his fine feather bed and had put them in his hair. He looked very funny.

As his Auntie Katushka went out of the gate to go to market, Andrewshek said, "May I go with you, Auntie Katushka?"

"No, Andrewshek," said his Auntie Katushka. "You must stay at home. Please watch to see that the dog does not open the gate. If he does, the chickens and the cat will run out into the road."

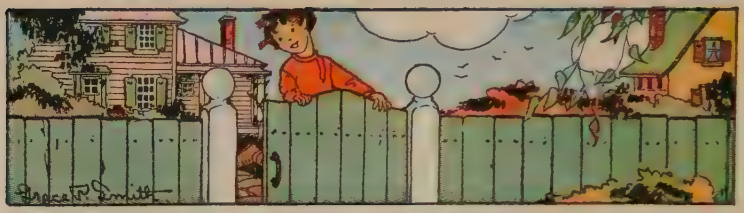


"Yes, indeed, I will watch to see that the dog does not open the gate. And I will be sure that the chickens and the cat do not run out into the road."

Then Auntie Katushka, in her bright shawl, hurried off to market. But all Andrewshek really did was to swing backward and forward, and forward and backward, on the green gate. Andrewshek loved to swing backward and forward on the gate.

At the market Auntie Katushka saw a white goat. The white goat had a long beard and a short tail.

"That is just the goat I want," said Auntie Katushka. Then she said to the goat, "White Goat! I am going to take you home with me to Andrewshek."



"Who is Andrewshek?" asked the goat.

"Andrewshek is a little boy who lives in a little house with a dark green gate. Andrewshek loves to swing backward and forward and then forward and backward on the dark green gate."

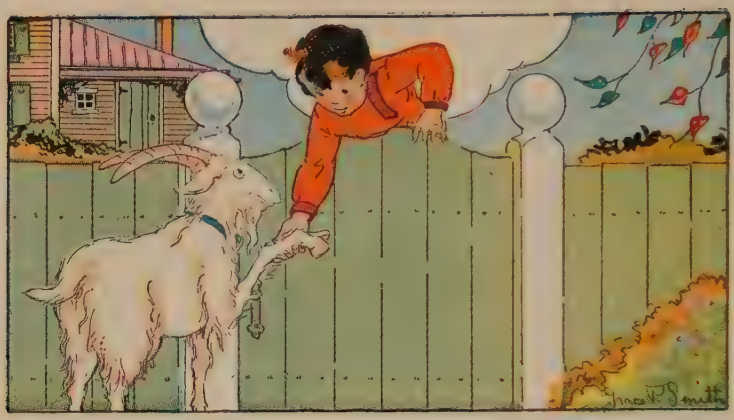
"I would not be surprised if Andrewshek was swinging backward and forward on the green gate now," said the goat to herself. "I think I'll run ahead and see."

She galloped off.

"Stop, White Goat!" cried Auntie Katushka. "Stop!"

But the goat did not stop. She ran faster and faster until she came to the little house with the dark green gate.

There was Andrewshek swinging backward and forward, and forward and backward, on that dark green gate. The chickens and the cat had long before run out into the road.



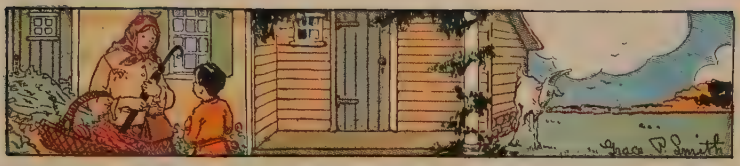
"How do you do, Andrewshek," said the White Goat.

"How do you do, White Goat," said Andrewshek. "Where are you going?"

"No farther," said the white goat. "I belong to your Auntie Katushka."

"Where is my Auntie Katushka?" asked Andrewshek.

"I ran away from her; and here I am," said the goat.



"Won't my Auntie Katushka be surprised when she sees you here!" said Andrewshek.

"I think I will hide!" said the white goat. She ran behind the little house.

Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka, in her bright shawl, came hurrying up the hill.

"Andrewshek, I bought a sweet white goat at the market, to give us milk for our poppy-seed cakes. She ran away and so we can not have any cakes to-day. I wonder how we can find her."

"Ha! ha! ha!" the sweet white goat called out. She had climbed to the top of the roof where she could look down on Andrewshek and Auntie Katushka.

"Come down from the roof, you naughty white goat!" said Auntie Katushka.

The goat shook her head.

"Please come down, White Goat," said Andrewshek, "and I will get you a big poppy-seed cake."

"I do not like poppy-seed cakes," said the naughty white goat.

"What shall we do?" Andrewshek asked. Then Auntie Katushka went into the house and took off her bright shawl. She put on her apron.

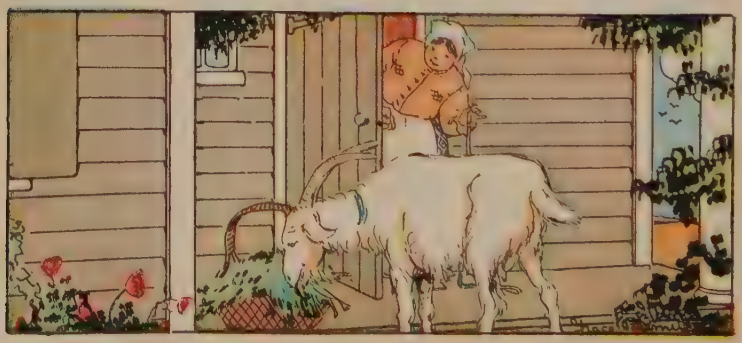
She washed some vegetables for soup. Then she cut the green tops from the vegetables and put the green tops into a basket.

"Goats love fresh green tops," she said to Andrewshek, as she put the basket on the back porch. She left the door wide open.

The naughty goat was peeping over the roof to see what she could see. She saw the green tops in the basket by the kitchen door. She began to feel very hungry. Down she came from the roof and went up to the basket.

"Well, well, well!" laughed Auntie Katushka, as she slipped something around the white goat's neck. "We shall have plenty of milk for our poppy-seed cakes."

MARGERY CLARK



Billy's Garden Surprise

Making a garden is work, but it is fun, too. Read this story about a surprise which happened in Billy's garden.

1. Getting the Seeds

"Look, Mother," said Billy, as he held out his hand. "See what Mrs. White paid me. I picked up the newspapers blowing about her yard."

Mother saw a new silver dime in Billy's hand.

"I'll buy some seeds with my dime," said Billy. "Father says I may have a garden."

"Good," said Mother. "This is the time to plant seeds. Choose a place for your garden, Billy. Father will help you to dig the ground. Then you can make it fine with your rake. Are you going to have a flower garden or a vegetable garden?"

"I'll have a vegetable garden, Mother," answered Billy. "In the fall the vegetables will be ready for our school fair. Besides, I should like to raise something good to eat."

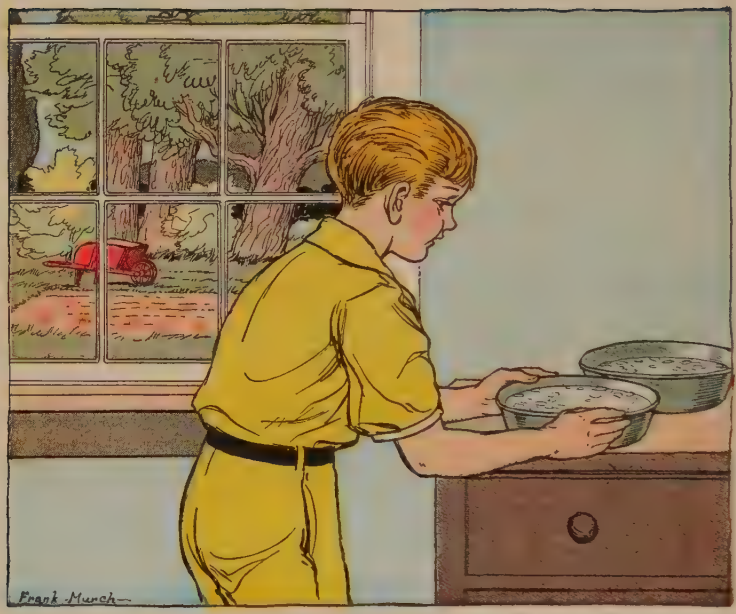
"That is a good plan," said Mother. "What vegetable do you like best to eat?"

For a moment Billy did not answer. Then he began to hop about, saying, "I know! But I'll keep it a secret. Wait until you and Father see it on the table. How surprised you'll be!"

"All right," said Mother. "I like secrets. How proud Father and I will be to eat vegetables from your garden."

Billy ran to the store. He soon came back with a package of seeds. "They are not peas, or carrots, or cabbage, or corn, Mother. Please don't try to guess. You might guess right."

"Soak your seeds first, Billy," said Mother. "That will help the little plants to grow quickly."



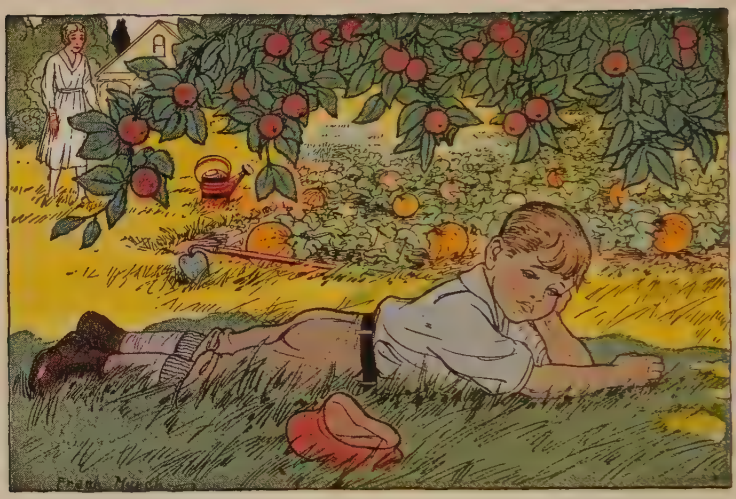
Father's seeds were soaking in a pan of water. Billy placed his pan of seeds near Father's. Then Billy made his garden.

He chose a place in a corner of the yard. Billy was sure no one would see what was growing there. The next day he planted his seeds.

2. The Garden

Every day Billy watered his garden. In a short time little green plants came up. Some weeds came up, too. Billy was on the watch for them. They didn't stay long in that garden.

Mother was glad to hear Billy singing and whistling while he worked.



3. The Surprise

Early in the fall Billy did not seem so happy as he had been. Mother missed his singing and whistling.

"What can be the matter?" she thought.

One morning she went to the garden. There she found Billy, lying under an apple tree. He was looking very unhappy.

"What is the matter, Billy?" asked Mother.

"The seeds were no good," cried Billy. "I planted watermelon seeds, Mother. They came up pumpkins! What made them do that?"

For a moment Mother looked puzzled. Then she said, "Billy, last night Father came from his garden. He looked as you do now. I asked him what was the matter. He said, 'I planted pumpkin seeds. They came up watermelons!'"

Billy's eyes began to twinkle.

"Did Father think he had planted pumpkin seeds?" asked Billy.

"Yes," laughed Mother. "You know how he likes pumpkin pies."

This time Mother's eyes twinkled. "Now I know a good joke, Billy. You had your pan of seeds beside Father's pan, didn't you?" she asked.

Billy nodded.

"Watermelon seeds and pumpkin seeds look very much alike," laughed Mother.

Billy thought for a moment and then he began to laugh. He knew why his seeds had come up pumpkins.

"Both you and Father have had a surprise party. Don't you think it is a good joke?" asked Mother.

"It's a good joke on both of us," laughed Billy.

JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES

Read. Then Answer

Answer from the story:

1. How did Billy earn money to buy seeds for a garden?
2. Where did he make his garden?
3. Why did he make it there?
4. What did he do to make his plants grow?

Think and answer:

1. Why did Billy and his father soak the seeds before planting them?
2. When did Billy find out about the watermelons?
3. Tell how the joke on Billy and his father happened.

1. Do some different kinds of garden seeds look very much alike?
2. Do we make jack-o'-lanterns out of watermelons?
3. If you wish to have watermelons in your garden, do you plant pumpkin seeds?
4. Should children do what the safety lights tell them to do?
5. Do some elephants live to be over one hundred years old?
6. Does a turtle carry his house on his back?
7. Was the rabbit a better jumper than anyone else in the world?
8. Do monkeys like to mimic what people do?

The Jack Horner Pie

You remember that Billy planted pumpkin seeds in his garden instead of watermelon seeds. When the fall came, he had more pumpkins than he needed for the school fair.

Read this story and see what Billy did with some of his pumpkins.

1. Mother's Plan

"What shall we do with all the pumpkins, Mother?" asked Billy one frosty morning. "We'll have more than we can use."

"They'll make good pies," said Mother. "And then, you know, it will soon be Halloween."

"Yes," answered Billy. "Everyone makes pies and jack-o'-lanterns. Can't you think of something new to do with them, Mother? It would be good fun if we could do something else with our pumpkins."

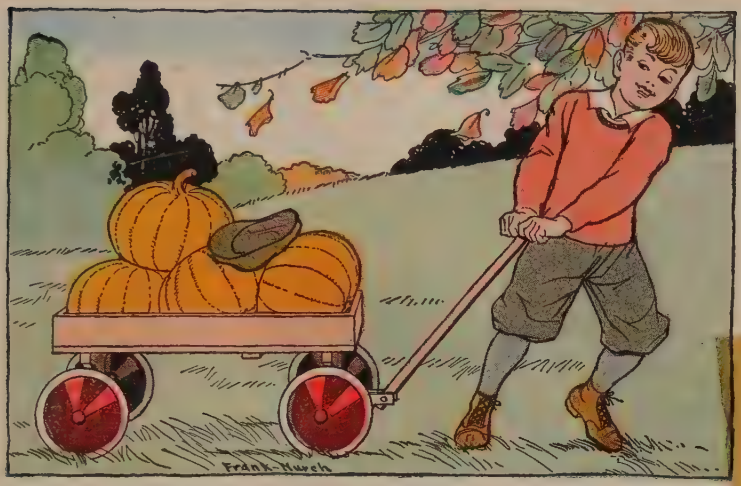
Mother thought for a little while. Then she said, "I know what we can do with the largest one of them."

"Tell me, Mother," said Billy.

"How would you like to have a Halloween party and make a Jack Horner pie?" asked Mother.

"A Jack Horner pie! What's that, Mother?"

"Something that we have never made before. Halloween isn't far away. Wait and see, Billy."



One morning, Billy took his cart to the garden. In a little while he came back with the cart full of ripe pumpkins. He piled them in rows on the porch.

He went back for another load. These, too, he piled with the others. This he did again and again until he had brought all his pumpkins from the garden.

Then he called his little friends to come and see them. "They're out of my garden," said Billy.

"What are you going to do with them?" asked one boy.

"That's a secret," said Billy.

"Tell us, tell us," coaxed the boys.

"Would you like to come to a Halloween party?" asked Billy. "It isn't for me. It's to make a good time for someone else."

"What are you going to do at the party?" asked Tom.

"Something new," answered Billy. "We are going to make a Jack Horner pie."

"Who ever heard of such a thing!" said Ned.

"Will you give us some of it?" asked Tom.

"Not of this Jack Horner Pie. It's for someone else," Billy said.

"Are you going to buy it?" asked another boy.

"No," laughed Billy. "Mother thought of it. It's a surprise for Jamie Brown, who has been sick. He can't have Halloween fun with us. We are going to have a party for him. The Jack Horner pie will hold all the things to eat. We will take it to his house and give it to him."

"That will spoil all our fun," cried one boy. "I want to ring doorbells and to frighten people."

"And I want to put things in the windows," said another.

"We'll ring doorbells and put things in windows," said Billy, "but we won't frighten people."

In a little while Billy called out, "Mother, I've thought of something else to do for Halloween fun."

Mother hurried out of the house and sat down on the grass with the boys.

"Tell us," she said.

Then Billy told his plan to them. All thought it would be fine fun.

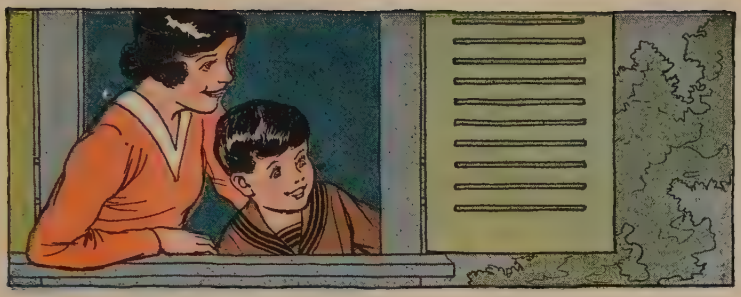
"Meet me at the square to-morrow night at eight o'clock," said Billy. "Each of you bring something to put into the Jack Horner pie. Bring an apple, or an orange, or anything else you have. I'll bring the pumpkins and something to put into them. Mother will help us make the pie."

3. Jamie's Surprise

On Halloween, Jamie Brown sat near the window in his little home.

"Don't light the lamp, Mother," he said. "I can see into the street better without a light."

The town seemed alive. Up and down the street Jamie heard the boys. They were whistling and calling to one another. He did wish he could be with them!



"All the boys are out but me, Mother," said the lad.

Jamie's mother leaned out of the window.

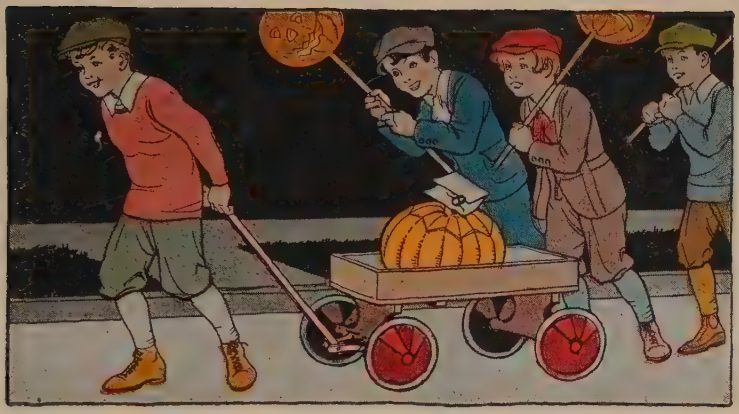
"Here they come down the street, Jamie. They are all marching and singing," she said. "They will soon be near our house. Look, Jamie, look!"

Jamie looked out of the window. The voices came nearer and nearer.

"Oh, Mother," he cried. "They are coming this way."

Jamie was right. Down the street, marching and singing, came the boys. Each carried a pole with a lighted jack-o'-lantern on the top. Billy came first, pulling the Jack Horner pie in his cart.

"See, Mother, they have stopped," laughed Jamie. "They are leaving something at Mrs. Gray's door. I wonder what it is. Last Halloween we left a package of bricks and straw. There they go up on Mr. Hill's porch. I rang his bell last year. They are leaving something at every house."



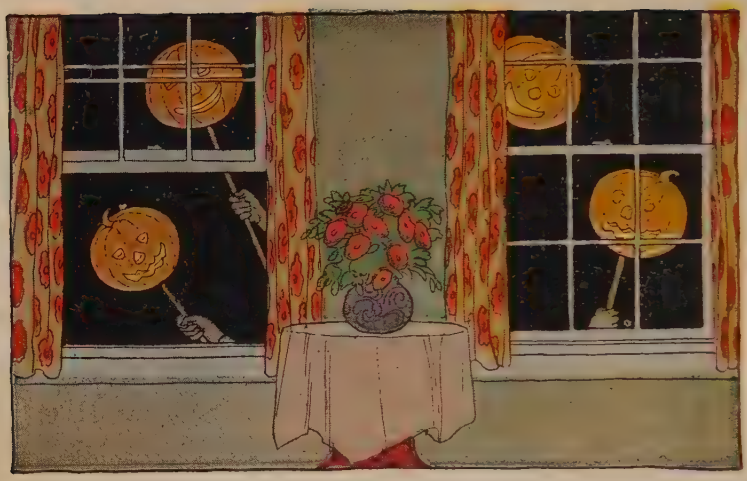
Soon the children turned toward Jamie's home.

"Now they're coming here, Mother," he called out.

There was a ring at the doorbell. Then Jamie heard a scampering of feet.

"Don't go to the door, Mother. Wait and see what they will do," said Jamie.

But Mother did go to the door.



Jamie left the window. He went to the other side of the room and closed his eyes. He was afraid to look.

When he opened his eyes, he laughed and laughed, for in each window he saw a jack-o'-lantern with a lighted candle in it. They were all grinning at him as only lighted jack-o'-lanterns can grin.

Mother placed something beside Jamie. Then she lighted the lamp. He soon saw that he had a jolly big pumpkin. A paper was fastened to the stem. Jamie opened the paper and read,

"A Jack Horner pie!
Put in your thumb
And pull out a plum!"

Then Jamie lifted off the top and pulled out apples, plums, peaches, pears, and oranges. Under all the fruit was a box of candy.

The happy boy put his arms about the pumpkin and hugged it. "Oh, Mother!" he said. "This is the best Jack Horner pie I ever had."

Billy and his mother were peeping in at the window, watching the fun. When they saw Jamie's happy face, Billy whispered, "Mother, now I'm glad that my watermelon seeds came up pumpkins."

JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES

Choose the Right Answer

What new plan did Mother have for one of Billy's pumpkins?

1. To make pumpkin pies.
2. To make a Jack Horner pie.

What part of the Halloween fun did Billy plan?

1. The Jack Horner pie.
2. The jack-o'-lanterns on the ends of the poles.

Why couldn't Jamie have fun on Halloween with the boys?

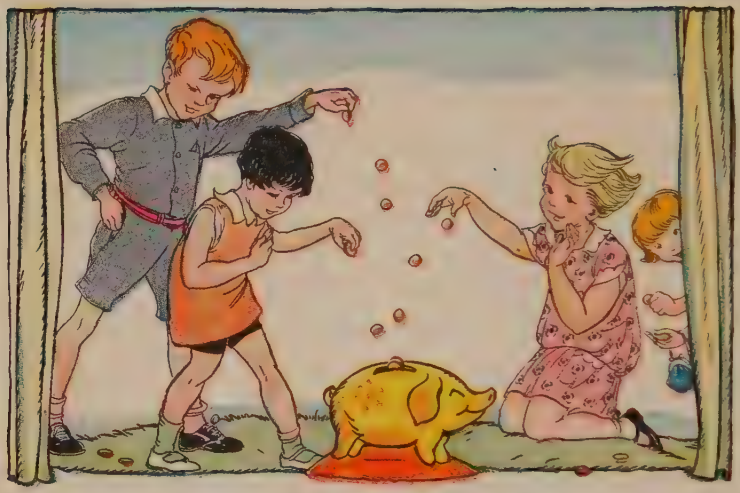
1. He was sick.
2. He was out of the city.

What did Jamie say about the Jack Horner pie?

1. "This is a big Jack Horner pie."
2. "This is the best Jack Horner pie I ever had."

When Billy saw Jamie's happy face, what did Billy say to Mother?

1. "I wish my pumpkin seeds had come up watermelons."
2. "I'm glad my watermelon seeds came up pumpkins."



The Hungry Bank

Always hungry! More! More!
Pennies, pennies, two, three, four!
Jingle, jangle, jingle, jing!
Hear the little pennies ring!

Pennies, pennies, pennies bright,
Hungry morning, noon, and night.
Jingle, jangle, jingle, jing!
Bring me pennies, bring, bring!

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

The Children's Parade

On the Fourth of July, Captain White always led the children's parade through the village street. He carried a large flag. Each boy and each girl carried a small one. The children's flags were presents from Captain White.

The parade marched down the main street to the captain's home. Here the leader and the children stopped.

At a signal from their leader, the children saluted a large flag which hung on the captain's porch. Then, at another signal, all marched on.

But one Fourth of July Captain White was ill. He was not able to leave his home and march.

Early in the morning Mrs. White hung out the large flag. Slowly the captain took a seat on the porch near it. Mrs. White was busy during the morning. From time to time she came to the porch and looked up the village street as if she expected to see someone coming.

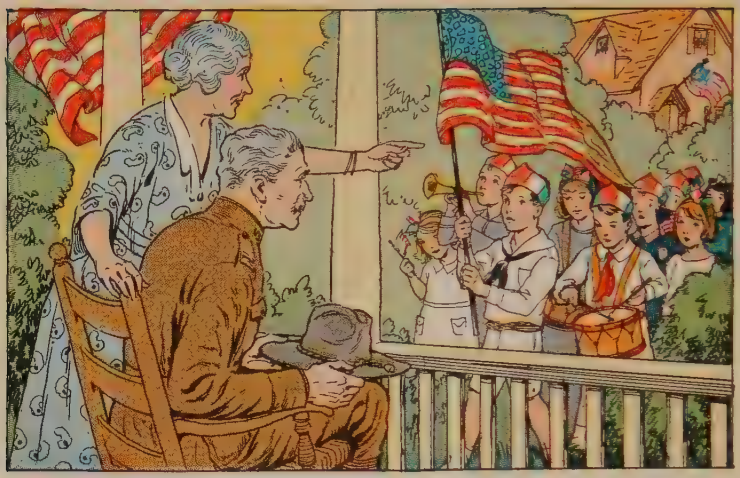
About ten o'clock Captain White said to his wife, "I hear music. The playing of bugles and the beating of drums sound like a parade."

The captain looked up the street. What do you think he saw? A group of little paraders was turning into the main street.

"It is a parade," laughed Captain White. "It is a parade. Look!"

The music drew nearer. Captain and Mrs. White leaned far out on the porch. The children were coming up the street toward the house.

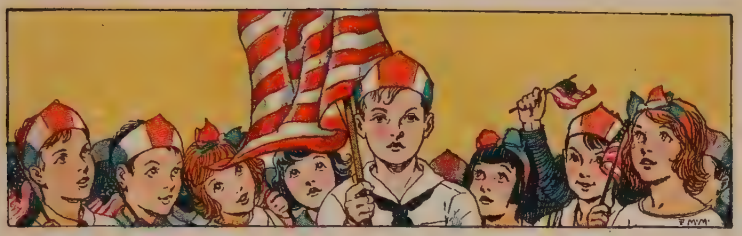
"Hurrah! It is a little citizens' parade," said the captain. "How well they march. I wonder who they are? They will pass this way."



Mrs. White smiled but she did not answer.

First came the leader carrying a large flag. Behind him followed the band. Then came the other paraders, each carrying a small flag.

All the boys wore caps which they had made of red, white, and blue paper. Around the girls' heads were bands of red, white, and blue ribbons.



"Attention," called the leader, walking backward. "Stop playing when we are in front of Captain White's house."

On marched the children.

"Halt!" called the leader. "Form a half circle around the flag."

Quickly the children obeyed.

Then Captain White rose from his seat and stood watching them. He was too surprised to speak. For there were the boys and girls who had marched with him on the last Fourth of July.

"Three cheers for Captain White," shouted the boys and girls waving their flags. Each boy lifted his hat.

And Captain White answered, "Three cheers for the little citizens of this village. I am proud of you. Come and shake hands with me."

Now it was time for the children to be surprised. While they were shaking hands with their good friend, Mrs. White brought out lemonade and cake for all.

"Little citizens, you have made this a very happy Fourth of July for me," said Captain White.

Read. Then Answer

Answer from the story:

1. What did Captain White do for the children each year on the Fourth of July?
2. When the captain was ill, how did the children surprise him?
3. How were the children surprised?

Think and answer:

1. Did Captain White have a very happy Fourth of July? Tell how you know.
2. What makes you think that Mrs. White knew the children were going to parade on this Fourth of July?
3. Is "little citizens" a good name for these children? Tell why.

Questions and Answers for Little Citizens

On the next page find the answers to these questions:

1. What does a little citizen do when the flag is passing by?
2. What kind of Halloween fun does he have?
3. What does he do with some of his pennies?
4. What does he do for his pet?
5. What rules does he follow about keeping clean?
6. What does he do for his garden?

a. A little citizen brushes his teeth. He takes a bath at least twice a week.

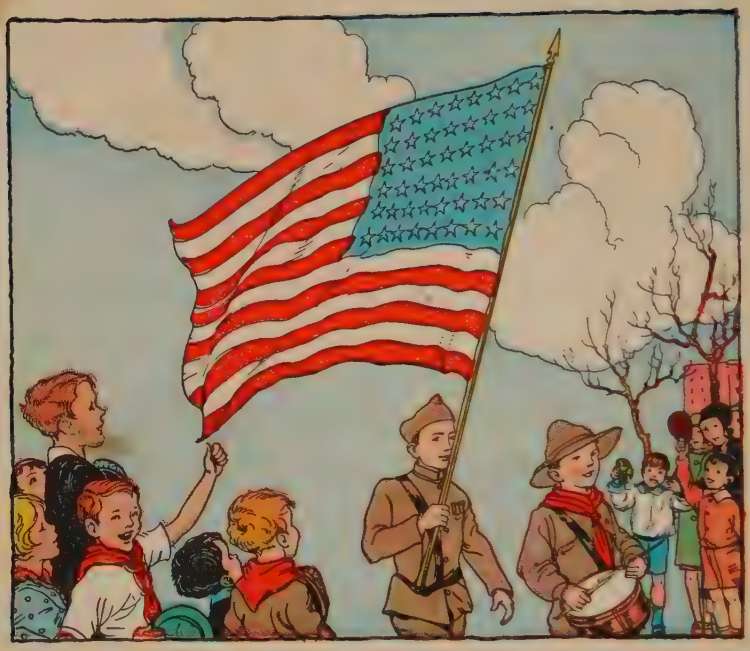
b. A little citizen feeds his pet, gives it a drink, and keeps it clean.

c. He has the kind of Halloween fun that brings pleasure to others.

d. He puts some of his pennies into the bank. He does not spend all.

e. He digs, rakes, waters, and weeds his garden.

f. When the flag is passing by, a little girl stands. A little boy stands at attention and takes off his hat.



The Flag Goes By

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

SALT LAKE COUNTY
DISCARDED
LIBRARY